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T H E

POETICAL WORKS

O F

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

A NEW EDITION CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

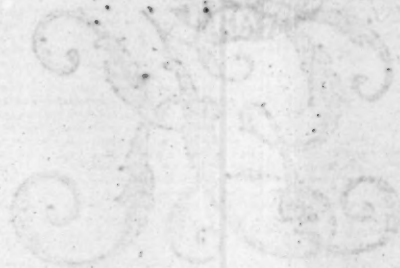


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1789.

TOPTICAL WORKS

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.D.

A NEW SYSTEM OF OPTICS



LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1801.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH the *quantity* of Dr. JOHNSON'S poetry bears no proportion to his prose writing, its *quality* has been always in such esteem with the best judges, that little remains for me, but to state a few facts and circumstances relative to the periods at which his different pieces were published.

The Translation of Mr. Pope's MESSIAH into Latin verse, was performed as an exercise when he was a commoner of Pembroke-College, Oxford, at the age of

twenty*; and afterwards collected in a volume of miscellaneous Poems, published by J. Husbands, M. A. in the year 1731. This translation gained him reputation in the college, and received the approbation of the original author.

The VERSES on a LADY *presenting a sprig of myrtle to a Gentleman*, were written at Birmingham soon after he left the college, at the request of a friend who aspired to the character of a poet with his mistress. Whether he was successful or not, anecdote is silent: but if the lady required good poetry as the condition of her affection (provided she believed her lover to be the author) the probability is, that he gained his prize.

* For a correct copy of this Translation, the Editor is indebted to Mr. STEEVENS.

“ LONDON,” imitated from the third Satire of Juvenal, was published in 1738, and was the first poetical production of Dr. Johnson after he came to town. This imitation had a great sale, and was so far applauded by Mr. Pope, that not being able to discover the author, he said “ It cannot be long before my curiosity will be gratified, the writer of this poem will soon be *deterre*.”

The lighter Poems, addressed "To STELLA, &c." were published at different times in the Gentleman's Magazine, in which our author was concerned for many years.

The Prologue to the opening Drury-Lane Theatre in 1747, though looked
A 4 upon

upon as one of the most critical accounts of the drama from the time of Shakespeare, was composed throughout before he put a single couplet on paper. The correction it afterwards underwent being no more than the change of a single word, at the remonstrance of Mr. Garrick. " And then, said the Doctor, I did not think his criticism just; but it was necessary he should be satisfied with what he was to utter."

The Poem entitled " THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES," being an imitation of the tenth Satire of Juvenal, published in 1749, was composed nearly in the same manner, and has always been esteemed a fine parody on the force and spirit of the original.

Dr.

Dr. Johnson brought his Tragedy of *IRENE* with him to London in the year 1737, but, from what cause is not known, was not performed till 1749, and then with some difficulty gained its *ninth* night. The general opinion on this Tragedy is, that though defective in plot and incidents, it possesses a degree of imagery and sentiment that must always render it an agreeable entertainment in the closet. The Prologue was written by the author. The Epilogue is said to be the production of the late Sir William Young.

His other Prologues were written occasionally, on the spur of friendship, and are by no means deficient in poetical merit.

His Latin Epitaphs were produced from the same cause, and are not only allowed
to

to be classically correct, but, according to his own definition of an epitaph, "well appropriated."

Such is the short history of these Poems, which lay scattered in so many periodical publications, and at such distant periods of time, as not only called out all my industry, but that of my friends, to form this collection. Of its success, the sale of a large impression leaves not a doubt; and as this second Edition is considerably improved by the introduction of several additional pieces, which are distinguished by an asterisk in the Table of Contents, I at least deserve, if I do not command, additional encouragement.

FLEET-STREET,
March 1789.

G. K.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page
<i>LONDON, a Poem. In imitation of the third</i>	
<i>Satire of Juvenal</i> — —	1
<i>The Vanity of Human Wishes. In imitation of</i>	
<i>the tenth ditto</i> — —	22
<i>Irene, a Tragedy, performed at Drury-Lane</i>	
<i>Theatre, 1749</i> — —	37
<i>Spring, an Ode</i> — —	155
<i>The Midsummer's Wish, ditto</i> —	157
<i>Autumn, ditto</i> — —	158
<i>Winter, ditto</i> — —	160
<i>The Winter's Walk</i> — —	162
<i>A Song</i> — —	163
	<i>An</i>

	Page
<i>An Evening Ode to Stella</i> —	164
* <i>To Miss Hickman, playing on the spinnet</i> —	165
* <i>Paraphrase of Proverbs, chap. vi. verses 6,</i> 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 — —	166
* <i>Horace, Lib. IV. Ode VII. translated</i>	167
* <i>On seeing a Bust of Mrs. Montague</i> —	168
* <i>Translation of a Speech of Aquileio, in the</i> <i>Adriano of Metastasio</i> — —	169
<i>The Natural Beauty</i> — — —	170
<i>The Vanity of Wealth, an Ode</i> — —	171
<i>To Miss</i> ———, <i>on her giving the Author</i> <i>a gold and silk net-work purse of her own</i> <i>weaving</i> — —	172
<i>To Miss</i> ———, <i>on her playing upon the</i> <i>harpsichord in a room hung with flower-pieces</i> <i>of her own painting</i> — —	173
<i>Verses written at the request of a Gentleman to</i> <i>whom a Lady had given a sprig of Myrtle</i>	175
<i>Stella in mourning</i> — —	ibid.
<i>To Lady Firebrace, at Bury Affizes</i> —	176

The Pieces thus * distinguished were not in the former Edition.

Anacreon,

	Page
* <i>Anacreon, Ode IX.</i> — —	177
* <i>Lines written in ridicule of certain Poems, published in 1777</i> — —	179
* <i>Parody of a Translation from the Medea of Euripides</i> — —	ibid.
* <i>Burlesque of the modern versifications of ancient Legendary Tales</i> — —	180
* <i>Translation of the two first stanzas of the song, "Rio verde, Rio verde," printed in Bishop Percy's Reliques of ancient English Poetry</i>	181
* <i>Imitation of the Style of ****</i> —	ibid.
* <i>Burlesque on some lines of Lopez de Vega</i> —	182
* <i>Translation of some lines at the end of Baretti's Easy Phraseology</i> — —	ibid.
* <i>Improviso Translation of a Distich on the Duke of Modena's running away from the Comet in 1742 or 1743</i> — —	183
* <i>Improviso Translation of some lines of Mons. Benferade à son lit</i> —	184
* <i>Translation of some lines written under a Print representing Persons skating</i> — —	ibid.
	<i>Impromptu</i>

	Page
* <i>Impromptu Translation of the same</i> —	185
* <i>To Mrs. Thrale, on her completing her thirty-fifth year</i> — — —	ibid.
* <i>Impromptu on hearing Miss Thrale consulting with a friend about a gown and hat she was inclined to wear</i> — — —	186
* <i>Impromptu Translation of an Air in the Clemenza de Tito of Metastasio</i> —	ibid.
<i>To Lyce, an elderly lady</i> —	187
<i>Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick at the opening of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, 1747</i>	188
<i>Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick, April 5, 1750, before the Masque of Comus, acted at Drury-Lane Theatre, for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter</i> — — —	190
<i>Ditto to the Comedy of the Good Natured Man, 1769</i> — — —	192
<i>Ditto to the Comedy of the Word to the Wise, 1777</i> — — —	193
<i>Translation of Pope's Messiah into Latin verse</i>	195
<i>On the Death of Dr. Robert Levet</i> —	199
	Latin

	Page
Latin Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer —	201
Translation of ditto — —	203
* Epitaph on Claude Phillips, an itinerant musician — —	205
* Epitaph on Mr. Hogarth —	206
Latin Epitaph on Dr. Oliver Goldsmith —	ibid.
Translation of ditto — —	207
Latin Epitaph on Henry Thrale, Esq., —	208
Translation of ditto — —	210
Latin Epitaph on Mrs. H. Maria Salisbury	211

Charade

212

*verses on an extravagant young
heir coming of age, —*

213

*to be found in Mrs Piozzi's
British Synonymy, p. 359.*

in Month. Rev. for Nov. 1794

Translation of Virgil, Pastoral 1.

215

Horace, b. 1. o. 22

217

part of the LONDON:

*dialogue between Hector &
Andromache — Hom. Il. b. 6. —*

218

The young lady on her birth day —

220

The Young Author.	221
Epilogue intended to have been spoken by a Lady who was to personate the Ghost of Hermione.	224
Latin verses in the Gent. Mag. of March 1730 addressed to Sgh. Rob.	227
Epigram on George 2. ^d & Col. Cibber.	228
Ad Lauram parituram epig ^{ona}	ibid
Friendship, an Ode.	ibid
Ad Ricardum Savage	230
Horae. b. 2. O. 9.	ibid

L O N D O N :

A S A T I R E.

CORRECTED FROM A COPY PRINTED AT THE

CLARENDON PRESS,

At OXFORD.

JUV. SAT. III.

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

——Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos, et mille pericula sævæ
Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense poetas?

L O N D O N :

A P O E M.

IN IMITATION OF THE
THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

—————Quis ineptæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?

JUV.

TH O' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Who now resolves, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Substitit ad veteres arcus.——

Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities——
—— et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

While THALES waits the wherry that contains
 Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
 On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,
 Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:
 Struck with the feat that gave Eliza * birth,
 We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
 In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
 And call Britannia's glories back to view;
 Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
 The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
 Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
 Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
 And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
 At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
 Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days
 Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise;
 In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
 Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
 Since hope but sooths to double my distress,
 And ev'ry moment leaves my little less;
 While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
 And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;
 Grant me, kind heaven, to find some happier place,
 Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius iftic
Et Catulus: maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt.

Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver.—
Munera nunc edunt.

Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio: librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere.—

Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
 Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay;
 Where once the harrafs'd Briton found repose,
 And safe in poverty defy'd his foes;
 Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give.
 Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.
 Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
 And plead for pirates in the face of day;
 With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
 And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
 Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
 With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,
 And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold?
 What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold?
 Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
 Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
 To such, a groaning nation's spoils are giv'n,
 When publick crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:
 But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
 Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
 Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's court he sing,
 To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
 A statesman's logick unconvinc'd can hear,
 And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;

—Fere ad nuptas, quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat, norint alii; me nemo ministro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conficius?—
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult
Accusare potest.—
—Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut somno careas.—

Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri,

————— Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem.—
Rusticus illé tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at H——r's jest.

Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustick tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unfollied fame, and conscience ever gay.

The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
LONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common shore of Paris, and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

Illustrious EDWARD! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;

Nor

Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
Promptus——

Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit,
Græculus esuriens, in cælum, jufferis, ibit.

Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cælum
Haufit Aventini?

Quid, quod adulandi gens prudentissima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?

Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
 The rustick grandeur, or the furlly grace,
 But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,
 Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
 Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
 Of France the mimick, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
 Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
 His'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
 Their air, their dress, their politicks import;
 Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
 On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
 No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
 They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap:
 All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
 And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
 I drew the breath of life in English air;
 Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
 And list the tale of HENRY's victories;
 If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
 And flattery subdues when arms are vain?

Studious to please, and ready to submit,
 The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
 Still to his int'rest true, where-e'er he goes,
 Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
 In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
 From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.

These

Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: sed illis
Creditor.

Natiò comœdia est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.

Non sumus ergo pares: melior qui semper & omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum:
A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus.

Scire volunt secreta domûs, atque inde timeri.

These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
 Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie.
 And gain a kick for awkward flattery.

}

Besides, with justice this discerning age
 Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage:
 Well may they venture on the mimick's art,
 Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
 Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
 Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
 With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
 And view each object with another's eye;
 To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
 To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
 And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
 To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
 How, when competitors like these contend,
 Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
 Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
 And lie without a blush, without a smile;
 Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
 Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
 Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
 He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these prefer'd, admir'd, carefs'd,
 They first invade your table, then your breast;
 Explore your secrets with insidious art,
 Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;

Then

————Materiem præbet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem si foeda & scissa lacerna, &c.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

————Agmine facto,
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi. Sed Romæ durior illis
Conatus————

—————OMNIA Romæ
Cum pretio————
Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia servis.

Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harrafs the distress'd;
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,
SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:

———Ultimus autem

Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.

Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres.———

Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impensas: hic, &c.
Hic modum argenti.———

———Meliora, ac plura reponit
Perficus orborum lautissimus.———

Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Frusinone paratur,

Quanti

Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
 Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
 Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
 Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
 Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
 And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;
 Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
 For where can starving merit find a home?
 In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
 While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

Should heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
 And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
 Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
 And public mournings pacify the skies;
 The laureat tribe in servile verse relate,
 How virtue wars with persecuting fate;
 With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
 Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
 See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
 And crowd with sudden wealth the rising doom;
 The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
 And raise his treasures higher than before:
 Now blest'd with all the baubles of the great,
 The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
 Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
 And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.

Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
 For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;

Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum,
 Hortulus hic——
 Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
 Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoræis,

——Possis ignavus haberi,
 Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si
 Intestatus eas.
 Ebrius, ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
 Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
 Pelidæ.——

——Sed, quamvis improbus annis
 Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
 Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo:
 Multum præterea flammæ, atque ænea lampas.

Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui spoliet te
 Non deerit: clausis domibus, &c,

There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
 Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
 And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
 For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
 There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
 Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
 And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
 Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
 There ev'ry bush with nature's musick rings,
 There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
 On all thy hours security shall smile,
 And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
 And sign your will before you sup from home.

Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
 Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
 Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,
 Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
 Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
 Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
 Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
 Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
 And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
 And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
 Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
 The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;

Maximus in vinclis ferri modus: ut timeas ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et farcula defint.

Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

His alias poteram, & plures subnectere causas;
Sed jumenta vocant.——

——Ergo vale nostri memor: & quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Eleusinam Cererem, vestramque
Dianam

Convellè a Cumis: fatirarum ergo, ni pudet illas
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros,

Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
 And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
 Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
 With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
 Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
 Whose ways and means support the sinking land;
 Left ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
 To rig another convoy for the k—g.

A single jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,
 Could half the nation's criminals contain;
 Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd,
 Held high the steady scale, but deep'd the sword;
 No spies were paid, no special juries known;
 Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

Much could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
 The tide retiring, calls me from the land: [spent,
 Farewel!—When youth, and health, and fortune
 Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
 And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
 In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
 Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
 Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
 In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
 Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

T H E
VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

IN IMITATION OF THE
TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET* observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chafes airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;

With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;
 Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
 And restless fire precipitates on death.

* But scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
 Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ;
 Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfin'd,
 And crowds with crimes the records of mankind ;
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;
 Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
 The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
 And dubious title shakes the madded land,
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;
 Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
 Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
 Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
 Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
 Does envy seize thee ? crush th' upbraiding joy,
 Increase his riches, and his peace destroy ;
 New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
 The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade ;

* Ver. 12 ————— 22.

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* Ver. 12 ——— 22.

Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet * still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once † more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to decry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

* Ver. 23 — 27. † Ver. 28 — 55.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

* Unnumber'd suppliant crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rides th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain bear the last appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;

Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats;
 And ask no questions but the price of votes;
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,
 Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
 To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
 Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine,
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
 Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his sov'reign frowns — the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate,
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
 At once is lost the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?

For

For why did Wolsey near the steep of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What * gave great Villiers to th' assassins knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When † first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And ‡ Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false Kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright;

* Ver. 108 ——— 113.

† Ver. 114 ——— 132.

‡ There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built
on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater
than Bacon shall pass under it. *now pulled down*

Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
 Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear⁺ Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes;
 See when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds, tho' smaller fines content
 The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent;
 Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock,
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The

+ *vid. Supp. to Gent. Mag. for 1748. also Wood's Athens
 Condenses. Vol. 2. p. 46*

The * feſtal blazes, the triumphal ſhow,
 The raviſh'd ſtandard, and the captive foe,
 The ſenate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force reſiſtleſs o'er the brave prevail:
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Aſia whirl'd,
 For ſuch the ſteady Romans ſhook the world;
 For ſuch in diſtant lands the Britons ſhine,
 And ſtain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
 This pow'r has praiſe, that virtue ſcarce can warm,
 Till fame ſupplies the univerſal charm.
 Yet Reaſon frowns on War's unequal game,
 Where waſted nations raiſe a ſingle name,
 And mortgag'd ſtates their grandfires wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlaſting debt;
 Wreaths which at laſt the dear-bought right convey
 To ruſt on medals, or on ſtones decay.

On † what foundation ſtands the warrior's pride,
 How juſt his hopes let Swediſh Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a ſoul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleaſure and of pain;
 No joys to him pacific ſceptres yield,
 War ſounds the trump, he ruſhes to the field;
 Behold ſurrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
 And one capitulate, and one reſign;

* Ver. 133 — 146. † Ver. 147 — 167.

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;
 " Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain,
 " On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 " And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realms of Frost ;
 He comes, not want and cold his course delay ;—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day :
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shews his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait ;
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All * times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
 With half mankind embattled at his side,

* Ver. 168 ——— 187.

Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way;
 Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
 Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
 Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
 And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
 Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
 Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
 Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
 With unexpected legions bursts away,
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
 Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
 From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
 The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
 And all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
 The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
 Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
 His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge

Enlarge * my life with multitude of days,
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
 That life protracted, is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy:
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more;
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain:
 No sounds, alas, would touch th' impervious ear,
 Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'r attend,
 Nor sweeter musick of a virtuous friend,
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave or positively wrong.
 The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,

* Ver. 188 ————— 288.

Improve

Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who could wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chafes year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,

Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end;
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The * teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolick, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;

* Ver. 289 — 345.

*Catharine, only child of Sir Charles Tir'd
Sedley, tho' not very handsome had
unfortunately captivated H. James 2.,
who created her Bar. of Dardington &*

Countess of Dorchester.

Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.
 The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
 By Int'rest, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.
 Now Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where * then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
 Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries attempt the mercies of the skies?
 Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
 Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to heav'n the measure and the choice.
 Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour fourth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;

* Ver. 346 ——— 366.

For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
 For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
 For faith, that panting for a happier feat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
 These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find,

I R E N E,
A
T R A G E D Y.

PERFORMED AT

DRURY-LANE THEATRE,

IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIX.

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P R O L O G U E.

YE glitt'ring Train ! whom lace and velvet bless,
 Suspend the soft sollicitudes of dress ;
 From grov'ling business and superfluous care,
 Ye sons of Avarice ! a moment spare :
 Vot'ries of Fame and worshippers of Pow'r !
 Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour.
 Our daring bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
 Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.
 Learn here how Heav'n supports the virtuous mind,
 Daring, tho' calm ; and vigorous, tho' resign'd.
 Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,
 In pow'r dependent, in success depress'd.
 Learn here that Peace from Innocence must flow ;
 All else is empty sound, and idle show.

If truths like these with pleasing language join ;
 Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine :
 If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules,
 Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools :
 Intriguing wits ! his artless plot forgive ;
 And spare him, beauties ; tho' his lovers live.

Be this at least his praise ; be this his pride ;
 To force applause no modern arts are try'd.
 Shou'd partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
 He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound.
 Shou'd welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
 He rolls no thunders o'er the drowsy pit.

No snares to captivate the judgment spreads;
 Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
 Unmov'd, tho' wittings sneer and rivals rail;
 Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.
 He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
 With merit needful, and without it vain.
 In Reason, Nature, Truth he dares to trust:
 Ye Fops be silent! and ye Wits be just!

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

by S^r W^m Yonge.

MARRY a Turk! a haughty, tyrant king,
 Who thinks us women born to dress and sing
 To please his fancy, — see no other man —
 Let him persuade me to it — if he can:
 Besides, he has fifty wives; and who can bear
 To have the fiftieth part her paltry share?

'Tis true, the fellow's handsome, straight, and tall;
 But how the devil should he please us all?
 My swain is little — true — but be it known,
 My pride's to have that little all my own.
 Men will be ever to their errors blind,
 Where woman's not allow'd to speak her mind;
 I swear this Eastern pageantry is nonsense,
 And for one man — one wife's enough in conscience.

In vain proud man usurps what's woman's due;
 For us alone, they honour's paths pursue:
 Inspir'd by us, they glory's heights ascend;
 Woman the source, the object, and the end.
 Tho' wealth, and pow'r, and glory they receive,
 These all are trifles, to what we can give.
 For us the statesman labours, hero fights,
 Bears toilsome days, and wakes long tedious nights:
 And when blest peace has silenc'd war's alarms,
 Receives his full reward in beauty's arms.

PERSONS

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

MEN.

MAHOMET,	Emperor of the Turks,	Mr. BARRY.
CALI BASSA,	First Visier,	Mr. BERRY.
MUSTAPHA,	A Turkish Aga,	Mr. SOWDEN.
ABDALLA,	An Officer,	Mr. HAVARD.
HASAN,	{ Turkish Captains,	{ Mr. USHER.
CARAZA,		{ Mr. BURTON.
DEMETRIUS,	{ Greek Noblemen,	{ Mr. GARRICK.
LEONTIUS,		{ Mr. BLAKES.
MURZA,	An Eunuch,	Mr. ———

WOMEN.

ASPASIA,	{ Greek Ladies,	{ Mrs. CIBBER.
IRENE,		{ Mrs. PRITCHARD.

ATTENDANTS on IRENE.

I. R E N E.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS in Turkish Habits.

LEONTIUS.

AND is it thus DEMETRIUS meets his friend,
Hid in the mean disguise of Turkish robes,
With servile secrecy to lurk in shades,
And vent our suff'rings in clandestine groans ?

DEMETRIUS.

Till breathless fury rested from destruction
These groans were fatal, these disguises vain :
But now our Turkish conquerors have quench'd
Their rage, and pall'd their appetite of murder ;
No more the glutt'd fabre thirsts for blood,
And weary cruelty remits her tortures.

LEONTIUS.

Yet Greece enjoys no gleam of transient hope,
No soothing interval of peaceful sorrow ;
The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest,

The

The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!
 The last corruption of degenerate man!
 Urg'd by th' imperious soldier's fierce command,
 'The groaning Greeks break up their golden caverns
 Pregnant with stores, that India's mines might envy
 Th' accumulated wealth of toiling ages.

DEMETRIUS.

That wealth, too sacred for their country's use!
 That wealth, too pleasing to be lost for freedom!
 That wealth, which granted to their weeping Prince,
 Had rang'd embattled nations at our gates:
 But thus reserv'd to lure the wolves of Turkey,
 Adds shame to grief, and infamy to ruin.
 Lamenting av'rice now too late discovers
 Her own neglected, in the public safety.

LEONTIUS.

Reproach not misery.—The sons of Greece,
 Ill-fated race! so oft besieg'd in vain,
 With false security beheld invasion.
 Why should they fear? — That Power that kindly
 spreads
 The clouds, a signal of impending show'rs,
 To warn the wand'ring linnet to the shade,
 Beheld without concern expiring Greece,
 And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it.
 A feeble government, eluded laws,
 A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
 And all the maladies of sinking states.
 When public villany, too strong for justice,
 Shows his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
 Can brave LEONTIUS call for airy wonders,
 Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
 When some neglected fabrick nods beneath
 The weight of years, and totters to the tempest,
 Must heaven dispatch the messengers of light,
 Or wake the dead to warn us of its fall?

LEONTIUS.

Well might the weakness of our empire sink
 Before such foes of more than human force;
 Some pow'r invisible, from heav'n or hell,
 Conducts their armies and asserts their cause.

DEMETRIUS.

And yet, my friend, what miracles were wrought
 Beyond the power of constancy and courage?
 Did unresisted lightning aid their cannon?
 Did roaring whirlwinds sweep us from the ramparts?
 'Twas vice that skook our nerves, 'twas vice, Leontius,
 That froze our veins, and wither'd all our powers.

LEONTIUS.

LEONTIUS.

Whate'er our crimes, our woes demand compassion.
 Each night, protected by the friendly darkness,
 Quitting my close retreat, I range the city,
 And weeping, kiss the venerable ruins;
 With silent pangs I view the tow'ring domes,
 Sacred to prayer, and wander thro' the streets;
 Where commerce lavish'd unexhausted plenty,
 And jollity maintain'd eternal revels.—

DEMETRIUS.

—How chang'd, alas!—Now gaffly desolation
 In triumph sits upon our shatter'd spires;
 Now superstition, ignorance and error,
 Usurp our temples, and profane our altars.

LEONTIUS.

From ev'ry palace burst a mingled clamour,
 The dreadful dissonance of barb'rous triumph,
 Shrieks of affright, and wailings of distress.
 Oft when the cries of violated beauty
 Arose to heav'n, and pierc'd my bleeding breast,
 I felt thy pains, and trembled for Aspasia.

DEMETRIUS.

Aspasia! spare that lov'd, that mournful name:
 Dear hapless maid—tempestuous grief o'erbears
 My reasoning pow'rs—Dear, hapless, lost Aspasia!

LEONTIUS.

LEONTIUS.

Suspend the thought.

DEMETRIUS.

All thought on her is madness:

Yet let me think—I see the helpless maid,
Behold the monsters gaze with savage rapture,
Behold how lust and rapine struggle round her.

LEONTIUS.

Awake, Demetrius, from this dismal dream,
Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows:
Call to your aid, your courage, and your wisdom;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty pow'r of awful virtue;
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

DEMETRIUS.

O Providence! extend thy care to me,
For courage droops unequal to the combat,
And weak philosophy denies her succours.
Sure some kind fate in the heat of battle,
Ere yet the foe found leisure to be cruel,
Dismiss'd her to the sky.

LEONTIUS.

Some virgin martyr,
Perhaps, enamour'd of resembling virtue,

With

With gentle hand restrain'd the streams of life,
And snatch'd her timely from her country's fate,

DEMETRIUS.

From those bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou shin'st among thy fellow-saints,
Array'd in purer light, look down on me :
In pleasing visions, and assuasive dreams,
O! sooth my soul, and teach me how to lose thee,

LEONTIUS.

Enough of unavailing tears, Demetrius ;
I came obedient to thy friendly summons,
And hop'd to share thy counsels, not thy sorrows :
While thus we mourn the fortune of Aspasia,
To what are we reserv'd ?

DEMETRIUS.

To what I know not :
But hope, yet hope, to happiness and honour ;
If happiness can be without Aspasia.

LEONTIUS.

But whence this new-sprung hope ?

DEMETRIUS.

From Cali Bassa :

The chief, whose wisdom guides the Turkish counsels,
He, tir'd of slav'ry, tho' the highest slave,

Projects at once our freedom and his own ;
And bids us thus disguis'd await him here.

LEONTIUS.

Can he restore the state he could not save ?
In vain, when Turkey's troops assail'd our walls,
His kind intelligence betray'd their measures ;
Their arms prevail'd, though Cali was our friend.

DEMETRIUS.

When the tenth sun had set upon our sorrows,
At midnight's private hour a voice unknown
Sounds in my sleeping ear, " Awake, Demetrius,
" Awake, and follow me to better fortunes ;"
Surpris'd I start, and bless the happy dream ;
Then rousing know the fiery Chief Abdalla,
Whose quick impatience seiz'd my doubtful hand,
And led me to the shore where Cali stood,
Pensive and list'ning to the beating surge.
There in soft hints and in ambiguous phrase,
With all the diffidence of long experience,
That oft' had practis'd fraud, and oft' detected,
The vet'ran courtier half reveal'd his project.
By his command, equip'd for speedy flight,
Deep in a winding creek a galley lies,
Mann'd with the bravest of our fellow captives,
Selected by my care, a hardy band,
That long to hail thee Chief.

E

LEONTIUS.

LEONTIUS.

But what avails

So small a force? or why should Cali fly?

Or how can Cali's flight restore our country?

DEMETRIUS.

Reserve these questions for a safer hour.

Or hear himself, for see the Bassa comes.

S C E N E II.

DEMETRIUS, LEONITUS, CALI BASSA.

CALI.

Now summon all thy soul, illustrious Christian!

Awake each faculty that sleeps within thee,

The courtier's policy, the sage's firmness,

The warrior's ardour, and the patriot's zeal;

If chasing past events with vain pursuit,

Or wand'ring in the wilds of future being,

A single thought now rove, recall it home.

But can thy friend sustain the glorious cause,

'The cause of liberty, the cause of nations?

DEMETRIUS.

Observe him closely with a statesman's eye,

Thou that hast long perus'd the draughts of nature,

And know'st the characters of vice and virtue,

Left by the hand of heav'n on human clay.

CALI.

CALI.

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great,
 Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air,
 Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes.
 Such had I trusted once as soon as seen,
 But cautious age suspects the flatt'ring form,
 And only credits what experience tells.
 Has silence press'd her seal upon his lips?
 Does adamantinè faith invest his heart?
 Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
 Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
 Will he not soften in a friend's embrace?
 Or flow dissolving in a woman's tears?

DEMETRIUS.

Sooner these trembling leaves shall find a voice,
 And tell the secrets of their conscious walks;
 Sooner the breeze shall catch the flying sounds,
 And shock the tyrant with a tale of treason.
 Your slaughter'd multitudes that swell the shore,
 With monuments of death proclaim his courage;
 Virtue and liberty engross his soul,
 And leave no place for perfidy or fear.

LEONTIUS.

I scorn a trust unwillingly repos'd;
 Demetrius will not lead me to dishonour;

LEONTIUS.

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LEONTIUS.

I scorn a trust unwillingly repos'd;
 Demetrius will not lead me to dishonour;

Consult in private; call me when your scheme
Is ripe for action, and demands the sword. [Going.

DEMETRIUS.

Leontius, stay.

CALI.

Forgive an old man's weakness,
And share the deepest secrets of my soul,
My wrongs, my fears, my motives, my designs.—
When unsuccessful wars, and civil factions,
Embroid'd the Turkish state — our Sultan's father
Great Amurath, at my request, forsook
The cloister's ease, resum'd the tott'ring throne,
And snatch'd the reins of abdicated pow'r
From giddy Mahomet's unskilful hand.
This fir'd the youthful King's ambitious breast,
He murmurs vengeance at the name of Cali,
And dooms my rash fidelity to ruin.

DEMETRIUS.

Unhappy lot of all that shine in courts ;
For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
Still odious to the monarch, or the people.

CALI.

Such are the woes when arbitrary pow'r,
And lawless passion, hold the sword of Justice.
If there be any land, as Fame reports,

Where

Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,
 A happy land, where circulating pow'r
 Flows through each member of th' embodied state,
 Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
 Her grateful fons shine bright with ev'ry virtue;
 Untainted with the lust of innovation,
 Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
 Unbroken as the sacred chain of Nature,
 That links the jarring elements in peace.

LEONTIUS.

But say, great Bassa, why the Sultan's anger,
 Burning in vain, delays the stroke of death?

CALI.

Young, and unsettled in his father's kingdoms,
 Fierce as he was, he dreaded to destroy
 The empire's darling, and the foldier's boast;
 But now confirm'd, and swelling with his conquests,
 Secure he tramples my declining fame,
 Frowns unrestrain'd, and dooms me with his eyes.

DEMETRIUS.

What can reverse thy doom?

CALI.

The tyrant's death.

DEMETRIUS.

But Greece is still forgot.

CALI.

On Asia's coast,
Which lately blest'd my gentle government,
Soon as the Sultan's unexpected fate
Fills all th' astonish'd empire with confusion,
My policy shall raise an easy throne ;
The Turkish pow'rs from Europe shall retreat,
And harass Greece no more with wasteful war.
A galley mann'd with Greeks, thy charge, Leontius,
Attends to waft us to repose and safety.

DEMETRIUS.

'That vessel, if observ'd, alarms the court,
And gives a thousand fatal questions birth ;
Why stor'd for flight ? and why prepar'd by Cali ?

CALI.

This hour I'll beg, with unsuspecting face,
Leave to perform my pilgrimage to Mecca :
Which granted, hides my purpose from the world,
And, though refus'd, conceals it from the Sultan.

LEONTIUS.

How can a single hand attempt a life
Which armies guard, and citadels enclose ?

CALI.

Forgetful of command, with captive beauties,
Far from his troops, he toys his hours away.

A roving

A roving foldier seiz'd in Sophia's temple
A virgin shining with distinguish'd charms,
And brought his beauteous plunder to the Sultan.

DEMETRIUS.

In Sophia's Temple! — What alarm! — Proceed.

CALI.

The Sultan gaz'd, he wonder'd, and he lov'd;
In passion lost, he had the conqu'ring fair
Renounce her faith, and be the Queen of Turkey;
The pious maid, with modest indignation,
Threw back the glitt'ring bribe.

DEMETRIUS.

Celestial Goodness!

It must, it must be she; her name?

CALI.

Aspasia.

DEMETRIUS.

What hopes, what terrors rush upon my soul!
O lead me quickly to the scene of fate?
Break through the politician's tedious forms,
Aspasia calls me, let me fly to save her.

LEONTIUS.

Did Mahomet reproach or praise her virtue?

CALI.

His offers oft repeated, still refus'd,
At length rekindled his accusom'd fury,

And chang'd th' endearing smile and am'rous whisper
To threats of torture, death, and violation.

DEMETRIUS.

These tedious narratives of frozen age
Distract my soul, dispatch thy ling'ring tale;
Say, did a voice from Heav'n restrain the tyrant?
Did interposing angels guard her from him?

CALI.

Just in the moment of impending fate,
Another plunderer brought the bright Irene;
Of equal beauty, but of softer mien,
Fear in her eye, submission on her tongue,
Her mournful charms attracted his regards,
Disarm'd his rage, and in repeated visits
Gain'd all his heart; at length his eager love
To her transferr'd the offer of a crown.

LEONTIUS.

Nor found again the bright temptation fail?

CALI.

Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuse,
While Heav'n and Mahomet divide her fears,
With coy caresses and with pleasing wiles
She feeds his hopes, and soothes him to delay.
For her, repose is banish'd from the night
And business from the day. In her apartments
He lives ———

LEONTIUS,

LEONTIUS.
And there must fall.

CALI.
But yet th' attempt
Is hazardous.

LEONTIUS.
Forbear to speak of hazards ;
What has the wretch that has surviv'd his country,
His friends, his liberty, to hazard ?

CALI.
Life.

DEMETRIUS.
Th' inestimable privilege of breathing !
Important hazard ! What's that airy bubble
When weigh'd with Greece, with virtue, with Aspasia ?
A floating atom, dust that falls unheeded
Into the adverse scale, nor shakes the balance.

CALI.
At least this day be calm — If we succeed,
Aspasia's thine, and all thy life is rapture —
See ! Mustapha, the tyrant's minion, comes ;
Invest Leontius with his new command ;
And wait Abdalla's unsuspected visits :
Remember freedom, glory, Greece, and love.
[*Exeunt* Demetrius and Leontius.

SCENE

SCENE III.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

By what enchantment does this lovely Greek
Hold in her chains the captivated Sultan?
He tires his fav'rites with Irene's praise,
And seeks the shades to muse upon Irene;
Irene steals unheeded from his tongue,
And mingles unperceiv'd with ev'ry thought.

CALI.

Why should the Sultan shun the joys of beauty,
Or arm his breast against the force of love?
Love, that with sweet vicissitude relieves
The warrior's labours, and the monarch's cares.
But will she yet receive the faith of Mecca?

MUSTAPHA.

Those pow'rful tyrants of the female breast,
Fear and ambition, urge her to compliance?
Dress'd in each charm of gay magnificence,
Alluring grandeur courts her to his arms,
Religion calls her from the wish'd embrace,
Paints future joys, and points to distant glories.

CALI.

Soon will th' unequal contest be decided.

Prospects

Prospects obscur'd by distance faintly strike;
Each pleasure brightens at its near approach,
And every danger shocks with double horror.

MUSTAPHA.

How shall I scorn the beautiful apostate?
How will the bright Aspasia shine above her!

CALI.

Should she, for proselytes are always zealous,
With pious warmth receive our prophet's law —

MUSTAPHA.

Heav'n will condemn the mercenary fervour,
Which love of greatness, not of truth, inflames.

CALI.

Cease, cease thy censures, for the Sultan comes
Alone, with am'rous haste to seek his love.

SCENE IV.

MAHOMET, CALI BASSA, MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

Hail, terror of the monarchs of the world,
Unshaken be thy throne as earth's firm base,
Live till the sun forgets to dart his beams,
And weary planets loiter in their courses.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

But, Cali, let Irene share thy prayers ;
For what is length of days without Irene ?
I come from empty noise, and tasteless pomp,
From crowds that hide a monarch from himself,
To prove the sweets of privacy and friendship,
And dwell upon the beauties of Irene.

CALI.

O may her beauties last unchang'd by time,
As those that bless the mansions of the good.

MAHOMET.

Each realm where beauty turns the graceful shape,
Swells the fair breast or animates the glance,
Adorns my palace with its brightest virgins ;
Yet unacquainted with these soft emotions
I walk'd superior, through the blaze of charms,
Prais'd without rapture, left without regret.
Why rove I now, when absent from my fair,
From solitude to crowds, from crowds to solitude,
Still restless, till I clasp the lovely maid,
And ease my loaded soul upon her bosom ?

MUSTAPHA.

Forgive, great Sultan, that intrusive duty
Inquires the final doom of Menodorus,
The Grecian counsellor.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Go see him die ;

His martial rhet'rick taught the Greeks resistance ;
Had they prevail'd, I ne'er had known Irene.

Exit Mustapha.

S C E N E V.

MAHOMET, CALI.

MAHOMET.

Remote from tumult, in th' adjoining palace,
Thy care shall guard this treasure of my soul ;
There let Aspasia, since my fair entreats it,
With converse chase the melancholy moments.
Sure, chill'd with sixty winter camps, thy blood
At sight of female charms will glow no more.

CALI.

These years, unconquer'd Mahomet, demand
Desires more pure, and other cares than love.
Long have I wish'd, before our prophet's tomb,
To pour my prayers for thy successful reign,
To quit the tumults of the noisy camp,
And sink into the silent grave in peace.

MAHOMET.

What! think of peace while haughty Scanderbeg
Elate with conquest, in his native mountains,

Prowls

Prowls o'er the wealthy spoils of bleeding Turkey?
 While fair Hungaria's unexhausted vallies
 Pour forth their legions, and the roaring Danube
 Rolls half his floods unheard through shouting camps?
 Nor couldst thou more support a life of sloth
 Than Amurath —

CALI.

Still full of Amurath!

[*Aside.*]

MAHOMET.

Than Amurath, accusom'd to command,
 Could bear his son upon the Turkish throne.

CALI.

This pilgrimage our lawgiver ordain'd —

MAHOMET.

For those who could not please by nobler service.—
 Our warlike prophet loves an active faith,
 The holy flame of enterprizing virtue,
 Mocks the dull vows of solitude and penance,
 And scorns the lazy hermit's cheap devotion;
 Shine thou distinguish'd by superior merit,
 With wonted zeal pursue the task of war,
 Till every nation reverence the Koran,
 And every suppliant lift his eyes to Mecca.

CALI.

This regal confidence, this pious ardour,
 Let prudence moderate, though not suppress.

Is not each realm that smiles with kinder suns,
 Or boasts a happier soil, already thine?
 Extended empire, like-expanded gold,
 Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendor.

MAHOMET.

Preach thy dull politics to vulgar kings,
 Thou know'st not yet thy master's future greatness,
 His vast designs, his plans of boundless pow'r.

When ev'ry storm in my domain shall roar,
 When ev'ry wave shall beat a Turkish shore,
 Then, Cali, shall the toils of battle cease,
 Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

ASPASIA, IRENE.

IRENE.

ASPASIA, yet pursue the sacred theme ;
 Exhaust the stores of pious eloquence,
 And teach me to repel the Sultan's passion.
 Still at Aspasia's voice a sudden rapture
 Exalts my soul, and fortifies my heart.
 The glitt'ring vanities of empty greatness,
 The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life,
 Dissolve in air, and vanish into nothing.

ASPASIA.

Let nobler hopes and juster fears succeed,
 And bar the passes of Irene's mind
 Against returning guilt.

IRENE.

When thou art absent
 Death rises to my view, with all his terrors ;
 Then visions horrid as a murd'rer's dreams
 Chill my resolves, and blast my blooming virtue :
 Stern torture shakes his bloody scourge before me,
 And anguish gnashes on the fatal wheel.

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

Since fear predominates in every thought,
 And sways thy breast with absolute dominion,
 Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,
 The future miseries that wait th' apostate;
 So shall timidity assist thy reason,
 And wisdom into virtue turn thy frailty.

IRENE.

Will not that pow'r that form'd the heart of woman,
 And wove the feeble texture of her nerves,
 Forgive those fears that shake the tender frame?

ASPASIA.

The weakness we lament, ourselves create;
 Instructed from our infant years to court
 With counterfeited fears the aid of man,
 We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,
 Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
 Till affectation, rip'ning to belief,
 And folly, frightened at her own chimeras,
 Habitual cowardice usurps the soul,

IRENE.

Not all like thee can brave the shocks of fate,
 Thy soul by nature great, enlarg'd by knowledge,
 Soars unencumber'd with our idle cares,
 And all Aspasia, but her beauty, 's man.

F

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

Each generous sentiment is thine, Demetrius,
 Whose soul, perhaps, yet mindful of Aspasia,
 Now hovers o'er this melancholy shade,
 Well pleas'd to find thy precepts not forgotten.
 O! could the grave restore the pious hero,
 Soon would his art or valour set us free,
 And bear us far from servitude and crimes.

IRENE.

He yet may live.

ASPASIA.

Alas! delusive dream!
 Too well I know him, his immod'rate courage,
 Th' impetuous fallies of excessive virtue,
 Too strong for love, have hurried him on death.

S C E N E II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI, *to ABDALLA, as they advance.*

Behold our future Sultanes, Abdalla;
 Let artful flatt'ry now, to lull suspicion,
 Glide through Irene to the Sultan's ear.
 Wouldst thou subdue th' obdurate Cannibal
 To tender friendship, praise him to his mistress.

To IRENE.

Well may those eyes that view these heavenly charms
Reject the daughters of contending kings;
For what are pompous titles, proud alliance,
Empire or wealth, to excellence like thine?

ABDALLA.

Receive th' impatient Sultan to thy arms;
And may a long posterity of monarchs,
The pride and terror of succeeding days,
Rise from the happy bed; and future queens
Diffuse Irene's beauty through the world.

IRENE.

Can Mahomet's imperial hand descend
To clasp a slave? or, can a soul like mine,
Unus'd to power, and form'd for humbler scenes,
Support the splendid miseries of greatness?

CALI.

No regal pageant deck'd with casual honours,
Scorn'd by his subjects, trampled by his foes;
No feeble tyrant of a petty state
Courts thee to shake on a dependent throne;
Born to command, as thou to charm mankind,
The Sultan from himself derives his greatness.
Observe, bright maid, as his resistless voice
Drives on the tempest of destructive war,
How nation after nation falls before him.

ABDALLA.

At his dread name the distant mountains shake
 Their cloudy summits, and the sons of fierceness,
 That range unciviliz'd from rock to rock,
 Distrust th' eternal fortresses of nature,
 And wish their gloomy caverns more obscure.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this lavish pomp of dreadful praise ;
 The horrid images of war and slaughter
 Renew our sorrows, and awake our fears.

ABDALLA.

Cali, methinks yon waving trees afford
 A doubtful glimpse of our approaching friends ;
 Just as I mark'd them, they forsook the shore,
 And turn'd their hasty steps towards the garden.

CALI.

Conduct these queens, Abdalla, to the palace :
 Such heav'nly beauty form'd for adoration,
 The pride of monarchs, the reward of conquest ;
 Such beauty must not shine to vulgar eyes.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

CALI *solus*.

How heav'n, in scorn of human arrogance,
 Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations!
 While with incessant thought laborious man
 Extends his mighty schemes of wealth and pow'r,
 And tow'rs and triumphs in ideal greatness;
 Some accidental gust of opposition
 Blasts all the beauties of his new creation,
 O'erturns the fabrick of presumptuous reason,
 And whelms the swelling architect beneath it.
 Had not the breeze untwin'd the meeting boughs,
 And through the parted shade disclos'd the Greeks,
 'Th' important hour had pass'd unheeded by,
 In all the sweet oblivion of delight,
 In all the fopperies of meeting lovers;
 In sighs and tears, in transports and embraces,
 In soft complaints, and idle protestations.

S C E N E IV.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS.

CALI.

Could omens fright the resolute and wise,
 Well might we fear impending disappointments.

F 3

LEONTIUS.

LEONTIUS.

Your artful suit, your monarch's fierce denial,
The cruel doom of hapless Menodorus.—

DEMETRIUS.

And your new charge, that dear, that heav'nly maid.—

LEONTIUS.

All this we know already from Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Such slight defeats but animate the brave
To stronger efforts, and maturer counsels.

CALI.

My doom confirm'd establishes my purpose :
Calmly he heard, till Amurath's resumption
Rose to his thought, and set his soul on fire :
When from his lips the fatal name burst out,
A sudden pause th' imperfect sense suspended,
Like the dread stillness of condensing storms.

DEMETRIUS.

The loudest cries of nature urge us forward ;
Despotick rage pursues the life of Cali ;
His groaning country claims Leontius' aid ;
And yet another voice, forgive me, Greece,
The powerful voice of love inflames Demetrius,
Each ling'ring hour alarms me for Aspasia.

CALI.

CALI.

What passions reign among thy crew, Leontius?
 Does cheerless diffidence oppress their hearts?
 Or sprightly hope exalt their kindling spirits?
 Do they with pain repress the struggling shout,
 And listen eager to the rising wind?

LEONTIUS.

All there is hope, and gaiety, and courage,
 No cloudy doubts, or languishing delays;
 Ere I could range them on the crowded deck,
 At once a hundred voices thunder'd round me,
 And every voice was liberty and Greece.

DEMETRIUS.

Swift, let us rush upon the careless tyrant,
 Nor give him leisure for another crime.

LEONTIUS.

Then let us now resolve, nor idly waste
 Another hour in dull deliberation.

CALI.

But see, where destin'd to protract our counsels,
 Comes Mustapha.—Your Turkish robes conceal you,
 Retire with speed, while I prepare to meet him
 With artificial smiles, and seeming friendship.

SCENE V.

CALI and MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

I see the gloom that low'rs upon thy brow,
 These days of love and pleasure charm not thee;
 Too slow these gentle constellations roll,
 Thou long'st for stars that frown on human kind,
 And scatter discord from their baleful beams.

MUSTAPHA.

How blest art thou, still jocund and serene,
 Beneath the load of business, and of years.

CALI.

Sure by some wond'rous sympathy of souls,
 My heart still beats responsive to the Sultan's;
 I share, by secret instinct, all his joys,
 And feel no sorrow while my sov'reign smiles.

MUSTAPHA.

'The Sultan comes, impatient for his love;
 Conduct her hither, let no rude intrusion
 Molest these private walks, or care invade
 These hours assign'd to pleasure and Irene.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Now, Mustapha, pursue thy tale of horror.
 Has treason's dire infection reach'd my palace?
 Can Cali dare the stroke of heav'nly justice,
 In the dark precincts of the gaping grave,
 And load with perjuries his parting soul?
 Was it for this, that sick'ning in Epirus,
 My father call'd me to his couch of death,
 Join'd Cali's hand to mine, and falt'ring cry'd,
 Restrain the fervour of impetuous youth
 With venerable Cali's faithful counsels?
 Are these the counsels? This the faith of Cali?
 Were all our favours lavish'd on a villain?
 Confest? —————

MUSTAPHA.

Confest by dying Menodorus.

In his last agonies the gasping coward,
 Amidst the tortures of the burning steel,
 Still fond of life, groan'd out the dreadful secret,
 Held forth this fatal scroll, then sunk to nothing.

MAHOMET, *examining the paper.*

His correspondence with our foes of Greece!

His hand! His seal! The secrets of my soul
 Conceal'd from all but him! All! all conspire
 To banish doubt, and brand him for a villain.
 Our schemes for ever cross'd, our mines discover'd,
 Betray'd some traitor lurking near my bosom.
 Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-wasting cannon
 Lay pointed at our batt'ries yet unform'd,
 And broke the meditated lines of war.
 Detested Qali too, with artful wonder,
 Would shake his wily head, and closely whisper,
 Beware of Mustapha, beware of treason.

MUSTAPHA.

The faith of Mustapha disdains suspicion;
 But yet, great Emperor, beware of treason.
 Th' insidious Bassa fir'd by disappointment —

MAHOMET.

Shall feel the vengeance of an injur'd king.
 Go, seize him, load him with reproachful chains;
 Before th' assembled troops proclaim his crimes;
 Then leave him stretch'd upon the ling'ring rack,
 Amidst the camp to howl his life away.

MUSTAPHA.

Should we before the troops proclaim his crimes,
 I dread his arts of seeming innocence,
 His bland address, and forcery of tongue;
 And should he fall unheard, by sudden justice,
 Th' adoring soldiers would revenge their idol.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Cali, this day with hypocritick zeal,
 Implor'd my leave to visit Mecca's temple;
 Struck with the wonder of a statesman's goodness,
 I rais'd his thoughts to more sublime devotion,
 Now let him go, pursu'd by silent wrath,
 Meet unexpected daggers in his way,
 And in some distant land obscurely die.

MUSTAPHA.

There will his boundless wealth, the spoil of Asia,
 Heap'd by your father's ill-plac'd bounties on him,
 Disperse rebellion through the Eastern world;
 Bribe to his cause and lift beneath his banners
 Arabia's roving troops, the sons of swiftness,
 And arm the Persian heretick against thee;
 There shall he waste thy frontiers, check thy conquests,
 And though at length subdued, elude thy vengeance.

MAHOMET.

Elude my vengeance? no—My troops shall range
 Th' eternal snows that freeze beyond Meotis,
 And Afric's torrid sands, in search of Cali.
 Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings
 Bear him aloft above the wond'ring clouds,
 And seat him in the Pleiads' golden chariots,
 Thence should my fury drag him down to tortures;
 Wherever guilt can fly, revenge can follow.

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

Wilt thou dismiss the savage from the toils,
Only to hunt him round the ravag'd world?

MAHOMET.

Suspend his sentence—Empire and Irene
Claim my divided soul. This wretch, unworthy
To mix with nobler cares, I'll throw aside
For idle hours, and crush him at my leisure.

MUSTAPHA.

Let not th' unbounded greatness of his mind
Betray my king to negligence of danger.
Perhaps the clouds of dark conspiracy
Now roll full fraught with thunder o'er your head.
Twice since the morning rose I saw the Bassa,
Like a fell adder swelling in a brake,
Beneath the covert of this verdant arch
In private conference; beside him stood
Two men unknown, the partners of his bosom;
I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either face
The gloomy resolution, horrid greatness,
And stern composure of despairing heroes;
And, to confirm my thought, at sight of me,
As blasted by my presence, they withdrew
With all the speed of terror and of guilt.

MAHOMET.

The strong emotions of my troubled soul

Allow

Allow no pause for art or for contrivance ;
 And dark perplexity distracts my counsels.
 Do thou resolve : For see Irene comes !
 At her approach each ruder gust of thought
 Sinks like the fighting of a tempest spent,
 And gales of softer passion fan my bosom.

[*Cali enters with Irene, and exit with Mustapha.*]

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, IRENE.

MAHOMET.

Wilt thou descend, fair daughter of perfection,
 To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen ?
 Ah! cease, Irene, cease those flowing sorrows,
 That melt a heart impregnable till now,
 And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.
 How will the matchless beauties of Irene,
 Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,
 With all the graceful pride of greatness heighten'd,
 Amidst the blaze of jewels and of gold,
 Adorn a throne, and dignify dominion.

IRENE.

Why all this glare of splendid eloquence,
 To paint the pageantries of guilty state?

Must

Must I for these renounce the hope of heav'n,
Immortal crowns and fullness of enjoyment ?

MAHOMET.

Vain raptures all — For your inferior natures
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reserv'd no future Paradise,
But bids you rove the paths of blifs, secure
Of total death and careless of hereafter ;
While heav'n's high minister, whose awful volume
Records each act, each thought of sov'reign man,
Surveys your plays with inattentive glance,
And leaves the lovely trifler unregarded.

IRENE.

Why then has nature's vain munificence
Profusely pour'd her bounties upon woman ?
Whence then those charms thy tongue has deign'd to
flatter,
That air resistless and enchanting blush,
Unless the beauteous fabrick was design'd
A habitation for a fairer soul ?

MAHOMET.

Too high, bright maid, thou rat'st exterior grace :
Not always do the fairest flow'rs diffuse
The richest odours, nor the speckled shells
Conceal the gem ; let female arrogance
Observe the feather'd wand'ers of the sky ;

With

With purple varied and bedrop'd with gold,
They prune the wing, and spread the glossy plumes,
Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to shine,
And cheer the weary passenger with musick.

IRENE.

Mean as we are, this tyrant of the world
Implores our smiles, and trembles at our feet:
Whence flow the hopes and fears, despair and rapture,
Whence all the blifs and agonies of love?

MAHOMET.

Why, when the balm of sleep descends on man,
Do gay delusions, wand'ring o'er the brain;
Sooth the delighted soul with empty blifs!
To want give affluence? and to slav'ry freedom?
Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,
A fancy'd treasure, and a waking dream.

IRENE.

Then let me once, in honour of our sex,
Assume the boastful arrogance of man.
Th' attractive softness, and th' endearing smile,
And pow'rful glance, 'tis granted, are our own;
Nor has impartial nature's frugal hand
Exhausted all her nobler gifts on you;
Do not we share the comprehensive thought,
Th' enlivening wit, the penetrating reason?

Beats

Beats not the female breast with gen'rous passions,
The thirst of empire, and the love of glory?

MAHOMET.

Illustrious maid, new wonders fix me thine,
Thy soul completes the triumphs of thy face.
I thought, forgive my fair, the noblest aim,
The strongest effort of a female soul,
Was but to choose the graces of the day;
To tune the tongue, to teach the eyes to roll,
Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,
And add new roses to the faded cheek.
Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,
To shine the goddess of applauding nations,
To scatter happiness and plenty round thee,
To bid the prostrate captive rise and live,
To see new cities tow'r at thy command,
And blasted kingdoms flourish at thy smile?

IRENE.

Charm'd with the thought of blessing human kind,
Too calm I listen to the flatt'ring sounds.

MAHOMET.

O seize the power to bless — Irene's nod
Shall break the fetters of the groaning Christian;
Greece, in her lovely patroness secure,
Shall mourn no more her plunder'd palaces.

IRENE.

IRENE.

Forbear— O do not urge me to my ruin !

MAHOMET.

To state and pow'r I court thee, not to ruin :
 Smile on my wishes, and command the globe.
 Security shall spread her shield before thee,
 And love infold thee with his downy wings.
 If greatness please thee, mount th' imperial seat ;
 If pleasure charm thee, view this soft retreat ;
 Here ev'ry warbler of the sky shall sing ;
 Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry spring :
 To deck these bow'rs each region shall combine,
 And ev'n our prophet's gardens envy thine :
 Empire and love shall share the blissful day,
 And varied life steal unperceiv'd away.

[*Exeunt.*]

G

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I.

CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI *enters with a discontented Air; to him enters*
ABDALLA.

CALI.

IS this the fierce conspirator Abdalla?
Is this the restless diligence of treason?
Where hast thou linger'd while th'encumber'd hours
Fly lab'ring with the fate of future nations,
And hungry slaughter scents imperial blood?

ABDALLA.

Important cares detain'd me from your counsels.

CALI.

Some petty passion! some domestick trifle;
Some vain amusement of a vacant soul!
A weeping wife perhaps, or dying friend,
Hung on your neck, and hinder'd your departure.
Is this a time for softness or for sorrow?
Unprofitable, peaceful, female virtues!
When eager vengeance shows a naked foe,
And kind ambition points the way to greatness.

ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

Must then ambition's votaries infringe
The laws of kindness, break the bonds of nature?
And quit the names of brother, friend, and father?

CALI.

This sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,
Ev'n from the birth affects supreme command,
Swells in the breast, and with resistless force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
As when a deluge overspreads the plains,
The wand'ring rivulet, and silver lake,
Mix undistinguish'd with the gen'ral roar,

ABDALLA.

Yet can ambition in Abdalla's breast
Claim but the second place: there mighty love
Has fix'd his hopes, inquietudes, and fears,
His glowing wishes, and his jealous pangs.

CALI.

Love is indeed the privilege of youth;
Yet, on a day like this, when expectation
Pants for the dread event — But let us reason —

ABDALLA.

Hast thou grown old amidst the crowd of courts,
And turn'd th' instructive page of human life,
To cant, at last, of reason to a lover?

Such ill-tim'd gravity, such serious folly,
 Might well besit the solitary student,
 Th' unpractis'd dervise, or sequester'd faquir.
 Know'st thou not yet, when love invades the soul,
 That all her faculties receive his chains?
 That reason gives her sceptre to his hand,
 Or only struggles to be more enslav'd?
 Aspasia, who can look upon thy beauties?
 Who hear thee speak, and not abandon reason?
 Reason! the hoary dotard's dull directress,
 That loses all because she hazards nothing:
 Reason! the tim'rous pilot, that to shun
 The rocks of life, for ever flies the port.

CALI.

But why this sudden warmth?

ABDALLA.

Because I love:

Because my slighted passion burns in vain!
 Why roars the lioness distress'd by hunger?
 Why foam the swelling waves when tempests rise?
 Why shakes the ground, when subterraneous fires
 Fierce through the bursting caverns rend their way?

CALI.

Not till this day thou saw'st this fatal fair;
 Did ever passion make so swift a progress?
 Once more reflect, suppress this infant folly.

ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

Gross fires, enkindled by a mortal hand,
 Spread by degrees, and dread th' oppressing stream;
 The subtler flames emitted from the sky,
 Flash out at once, with strength above resistance.

CALI.

How did Aspasia welcome your address?
 Did you proclaim this unexpected conquest?
 Or pay with speaking eyes a lover's homage?

ABDALLA.

Confounded, aw'd, and lost in admiration,
 I gaz'd, I trembled; but I could not speak:
 When ev'n as love was breaking off from wonder,
 And tender accents quiver'd on my lips,
 She mark'd my sparkling eyes, and heaving breast,
 And smiling, conscious of her charms, withdrew.

Enter Demetrius and Leontius.

CALI.

Now be some moments master of thyself,
 Nor let Demetrius know thee for a rival.
 Hence! or be calm — To disagree is ruin.

S C E N E II.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

DEMETRIUS.

When will occasion smile upon our wishes,
 And give the tortures of suspense a period?
 Still must we linger in uncertain hope?
 Still languish in our chains, and dream of freedom,
 Like thirsty sailors gazing on the clouds,
 Till burning death shoots through their wither'd limbs?

CALI.

Deliverance is at hand; for Turkey's tyrant,
 Sunk in his pleasures, confident and gay,
 With all the hero's dull security,
 Trusts to my care his mistress and his life,
 And laughs and wantons in the jaws of death.

LEONTIUS.

So weak is man, when destin'd to destruction,
 The watchful slumber, and the crafty trust.

CALI.

At my command yon' iron gates unfold;
 At my command the sentinels retire;
 With all the licence of authority,
 Through bowing slaves, I range the private rooms,
 And of to-morrow's action fix the scene.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary wisdom
 Borne down with years, still doat upon to-morrow?
 That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
 The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
 An useless life in waiting for to-morrow,
 To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
 Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
 Strange! that this gen'ral fraud from day to day
 Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
 The soldier lab'ring through a winter's march,
 Still sees to-morrow dress'd in robes of triumph;
 Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,
 To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
 But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
 Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

LEONTIUS.

The present hour with open arms invites,
 Seize the kind fair, and press her to thy bosom.

DEMETRIUS.

Who knows, ere this important morrow rise,
 But fear or mutiny may taint the Greeks?
 Who knows if Mahomet's awaking anger
 May spare the fatal bow-string till to-morrow?

ABDALLA.

Had our first Asian foes but known this ardour,
 We still had wander'd on Tartarian hills.

Roufe, Cali, fhall the fons of conquer'd Greece
Lead us to danger, and abafh their victors?
This night with all her confcious ftars be witnefs,
Who merits moft, Demetrius or Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Who merits moft! — I knew not we were rivals.

CALI.

Young man, forbear—The heat of youth, no more—
Well,—'tis decreed—This night fhall fix our fate.
Soon as the veil of evening clouds the fky,
With cautious fecrecy, Leontius, fteer
Th' appointed vefTel to yon fhaded bay,
Form'd by this garden jutting on the deep;
There, with your foldiers arm'd, and fails expanded,
Await our coming, equally prepar'd
For fpeedy flight, or obftinate defence. [Exit Leont.

S C E N E III.

CALI, ABDALLA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Now pause, great Baffa, from the thoughts of blood,
And kindly grant an ear to gentler founds.
If e'er thy youth has known the pangs of abfence,
Or felt th' impatience of obftruded love,
Give me, before th' approaching hour of fate,

Once

Once to behold the charms of bright Aspasia,
And draw new virtue from her heav'nly tongue.

CALI.

Let prudence, ere the suit be further urged,
Impartial weigh the pleasure with the danger.
A little longer and she's thine for ever.

DEMETRIUS.

Prudence and love conspire in this request,
Left, unacquainted with our bold attempt,
Surprise o'erwhelm her, and retard our flight.

CALI.

What I can grant, you cannot ask in vain —

DEMETRIUS.

I go to wait thy call; this kind consent
Completes the gift of freedom and of life. [*Exit Dem.*]

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

And this is my reward — to burn, to languish,
To rave unheeded, while the happy Greek,
The refuse of our swords, the dross of conquest,
Throws his fond arms about Aspasia's neck.
Dwells on her lips, and sighs upon her breast ;

Is't

Is't not enough, he lives by our indulgence,
But he must live to make his masters wretched?

CALI.

What claim hast thou to plead?

ABDALLA.

The claim of pow'r,
Th' unquestion'd claim of conquerors and kings!

CALI.

Yet in the use of pow'r remember justice.

ABDALLA.

Can then th' assassins lift his treach'rous hand
Against his king, and cry, remember justice?
Justice demands the forfeit life of Cali;
Justice demands that I reveal your crimes;
Justice demands — But see th' approaching Sultan.
Oppose my wishes, and — Remember justice.

CALI.

Disorder sits upon thy face — retire.

[Exit Abdalla, Enter Mahomet.

SCENE V.

CALI, MAHOMET.

CALI.

Long be the Sultan blest'd with happy love;
My zeal marks gladness dawning on thy cheek,

With

With raptures such as fire the Pagan crowds,
When pale and anxious for their years to come,
They see the sun surmount the dark eclipse,
And hail unanimous their conqu'ring god.)

MAHOMET.

My vows, 'tis true, she hears with less aversion,
She sighs, she blushes, but she still denies,

CALI.

With warmer courtship press the yielding fair,
Call to your aid with boundless promises
Each rebel wish, each traitor inclination
That raises tumults in the female breast,
The love of pow'r, of pleasure, and of show.

MAHOMET.

These arts I try'd, and to inflame her more,
By hateful business hurried from her sight,
I bade a hundred virgins wait around her,
Sooth her with all the pleasures of command,
Applaud her charms, and court her to be great.

[Exit Mahomet.]

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

CALI *solus*.

He's gone — Here rest, my soul, thy fainting wing,
 Here recollect thy dissipated pow'rs. —
 Our distant int'rests, and our different passions
 Now haste to mingle in one common centre,
 And fate lies crowded in a narrow space.
 Yet in that narrow space what dangers rise! —
 Far more I dread Abdalla's fiery folly,
 Than all the wisdom of the grave divan.
 Reason with reason fights on equal terms,
 The raging madman's unconnected schemes
 We cannot obviate, for we cannot guess.
 Deep in my breast be treasured this resolve,
 When Cali mounts the throne, Abdalla dies,
 Too fierce, too faithless for neglect or trust.

[Enter Irene with Attendants.]

S C E N E VII.

CALI, IRENE, ASPASIA, &c.

CALI.

Amidst the splendour of encircling beauty,
 Superior majesty proclaims the queen,
 And nature justifies our monarch's choice.

IRENE.

Reserve this homage for some other air,

Urge

Urge me not on to glittering guilt, nor pour
In my weak ear th' intoxicating sounds.

CALI.

Make haste, bright maid, to rule the willing world;
Aw'd by the rigour of the Sultan's justice,
We court thy gentleness.

ASPASIA.

Can Cali's voice
Concur to press a helpless captive's ruin?

CALI.

Long would my zeal for Mahomet and thee
Detain me here. But nations call upon me,
And duty bids me choose a distant walk,
Nor taint with care the privacies of love.

S C E N E VIII.

IRENE, ASPASIA, Attendants.

ASPASIA.

If yet this shining pomp, these sudden honours,
Swell not thy soul beyond advice or friendship,
Nor yet inspire the follies of a queen,
Or tune thine ear to soothing adulation,
Suspend awhile the privilege of pow'r
To hear the voice of truth; dismiss thy train,
Shake off th' incumbrances of state a moment,

And

And lay the tow'ring Sultaneſs aſide,

[Irene ſigns to her Attendants to retire,

While I foretel thy fate; that office done, —
No more I boaſt th' ambitious name of friend,
But ſink among thy ſlaves without a murmur.

IRENE.

Did regal diadems inveſt my brow,
Yet ſhould my ſoul, ſtill faithful to her choice,
Eſteem Aſpasia's breaſt the nobleſt kingdom.

ASPASIA.

The ſoul once tainted with ſo foul a crime,
No more ſhall glow with friendſhip's hallow'd ardour;
Thoſe holy beings, whoſe ſuperior care
Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
Affrighted at impiety like thine,
Reſign their charge to baſeneſs and to ruin.

IRENE.

Upbraid me not with fancy'd wickedneſs,
I am not yet a queen, or an apoſtate.
But ſhould I ſin beyond the hope of mercy,
If, when religion prompts me to reſuſe,
The dread of inſtant death reſtrains my tongue?

ASPASIA.

Reſlect that life and death, affecting ſounds,
Are only varied modes of endleſs being;
Reſlect that life, like ev'ry other bleſſing,

Derives its value from its use alone ;
 Not for itself but for a nobler end
 Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
 When inconsistent with a greater good,
 Reason commands to cast the less away ;
 Thus life, with loss of wealth is well preserv'd,
 And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

IRENE.

If built on settled thought, this constancy
 Not idly flutters on a boastful tongue,
 Why, when destruction rag'd around our walls,
 Why fled this haughty heroine from the battle ?
 Why then did not this warlike Amazon
 Mix in the war, and shine among the heroes ?

ASPASIA.

Heav'n, when its hand pour'd softness on our limbs,
 Unfit for toil, and polish'd into weakness,
 Made passive fortitude the praise of woman :
 Our only arms are innocence and meekness.
 Not then with raving cries I fill'd the city,
 But while Demetrius, dear lamented name !
 Pour'd storms of fire upon our fierce invaders,
 Implor'd th' eternal power to shield my country,
 With silent sorrows, and with calm devotion.

IRENE.

O! did Irene shine the Queen of Turkey,

No

No more should Greece lament those prayers rejected.
 Again should golden splendour grace her cities,
 Again her prostrate palaces should rise,
 Again her temples found with holy musick :
 No more should danger fright, or want distress
 The smiling widows, and protected orphans.

ASPASIA.

Be virtuous ends pursued by virtuous means,
 Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed :
 That maxim publish'd in an impious age,
 Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,
 And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title.
 Then bigotry might send her slaves to war,
 And bid success become the test of truth ;
 Unpitying massacre might waste the world,
 And persecution boast the call of heav'n.

IRENE.

Shall I not wish to cheer afflicted kings,
 And plan the happiness of mourning millions ?

ASPASIA.

Dream not of pow'r thou never canst attain :
 When social laws first harmonis'd the world,
 Superior man possess'd the charge of rule,
 The scale of justice, and the sword of pow'r,
 Nor left us aught but flattery and state.

IRENE.

IRENE.

To me my lover's fondness will restore,
 Whate'er man's pride has ravish'd from our sex.

ASPASIA.

When soft security shall prompt the Sultan,
 Freed from the tumults of unsettled conquest,
 To fix his court and regulate his pleasures,
 Soon shall the dire seraglio's horrid gates
 Close like th' eternal bars of death upon thee,
 Immur'd, and buried in perpetual sloth,
 That gloomy slumber of the stagnant soul;
 There shalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,
 And sigh for cheerful poverty in vain:
 There wear the tedious hours of life away,
 Beneath each curse of unrelenting heav'n,
 Despair, and slav'ry, solitude, and guilt.

IRENE.

There shall we find the yet untasted bliss
 Of grandeur and tranquillity combin'd.

ASPASIA.

Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by heav'n,
 Still stretch in vain their longing arms afar;
 Nor dare to pass th' insuperable bound.
 Ah! let me rather seek the convent's cell;
 There when my thoughts, at interval of pray'r,
 Descend to range these mansions of misfortune,

H

Oft'

Oft' shall I dwell on our disastrous friendship,
And shed the pitying tear for lost Irene.

IRENE.

Go, languish on in dull obscurity;
Thy dazzled soul, with all its boasted greatness,
Shrinks at th' o'erpow'ring gleams of regal state,
Stoops from the blaze like a degenerate eagle,
And flies for shelter to the shades of life.

ASPASIA.

On me, should Providence, without a crime,
The weighty charge of royalty confer;
Call me to civilize the Russian wilds,
Or bid soft science polish Britain's heroes:
Soon shouldst thou see, how false thy weak reproach.
My bosom feels, enkindled from the sky,
The lambent flames of mild benevolence,
Untouch'd by fierce ambition's raging fires.

IRENE.

Ambition is the stamp, impress'd by heav'n
To mark the noblest minds; with active heat
Inform'd they mount the precipice of pow'r,
Grasp at command, and tow'r in quest of empire;
While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
Gaze at their height and tremble at their danger:
Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
The varying seasons, and revolving skies,

And

And ask, what guilty pow'r's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs;
While some archangel, nearer to perfection,
In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careless nod,
Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres.

ASPASIA.

Well may'st thou hide in labyrinths of sound
The cause that shrinks from reason's powerful voice.
Stoop from thy flight, trace back th' entangled thought,
And set the glitt'ring fallacy to view.
Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtain'd by crime,
Angelic greatness is angelic virtue.
Amidst the glare of courts, the shout of armies,
Will not th' apostate feel the pangs of guilt,
And wish too late for innocence and peace?
Curst as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,
With gloomy state and agonizing pomp.

S C E N E IX.

IRENE, ASPASIA, MAID.

MAID.

A turkish stranger, of majestic mien,
Asks at the gate admission to Aspasia,
Commission'd, as he says, by Cali Bassa.

H 2

IRENE.

IRENE.

Whoe'er thou art, or whatfoe'er thy message, [*Aside.*
Thanks for this kind relief—With speed admit him.

ASPASIA.

He comes, perhaps, to separate us for ever;
When I am gone remember, O! remember,
That none are great, or happy, but the virtuous.
[*Exit Irene, Enter Demetrius.*

S C E N E X.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis she—my hope, my happiness, my love!
Aspasia! do I once again behold thee?
Still, still the same—unclouded by misfortune!
Let my blest eyes for ever gaze——

ASPASIA.

Demetrius!

DEMETRIUS.

Why does the blood forsake thy lovely cheek?
Why shoots this chillness through thy shaking nerves?
Why does thy soul retire into herself?
Recline upon my breast thy sinking beauties:
Revive—Revive to freedom and to love.

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

What well-known voice pronounc'd the grateful sounds,
 Freedom and love ? Alas ! I'm all confusion,
 A sudden mist o'ercasts my darken'd soul,
 The present, past, and future swim before me,
 Lost in a wild perplexity of joy.

DEMETRIUS.

Such ecstasy of love ! such pure affection,
 What worth can merit ? or what faith reward ?

ASPASIA.

A thousand thoughts, imperfect and distracted,
 Demand a voice, and struggle into birth ;
 A thousand questions press upon my tongue,
 But all give way to rapture and Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS.

O say, bright being, in this age of absence,
 What fears, what griefs, what dangers hast thou known ?
 Say, how the tyrant threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd,
 Say, how he threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd in vain !
 Say, how the hand of violence was rais'd,
 Say, how thou call'dst in tears upon Demetrius !

ASPASIA.

Inform me rather, how thy happy courage
 Stem'd in the breach the deluge of destruction,
 And pass'd uninjur'd through the walks of death ?
 Did savage anger, and licentious conquest,

Behold the hero with Aspasia's eyes?
And thus protected in the gen'ral ruin,
O say, what guardian pow'r convey'd thee hither,

DEMETRIUS.

Such strange events, such unexpected chances,
Beyond my warmest hope, or wildest wishes,
Concur'd to give me to Aspasia's arms,
I stand amaz'd, and ask, if yet I clasp thee,

ASPASIA.

Sure heav'n, for wonders are not wrought in vain,
That joins us thus, will never part us more.

SCENE XI.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

It parts you now—The hasty Sultan sign'd
The laws unread, and flies to his Irene.

DEMETRIUS.

Fix'd and intent on his Irene's charms,
He envies none the converse of Aspasia.

ABDALLA.

Aspasia's absence will inflame suspicion;
She cannot, must not, shall not linger here,
Prudence and friendship bid me force her from you.

DEMETRIUS,

DEMETRIUS.

Force her! profane her with a touch, and die.

ABDALLA.

'Tis Greece, 'tis freedom calls Aspasia hence,
Your careless love betrays your country's cause.

DEMETRIUS.

If we must part—

ASPASIA.

No! let us die together.

DEMETRIUS.

If we must part—

ABDALLA.

Dispatch; th' increasing danger
Will not admit a lover's long farewell,
The long-drawn intercourse of sighs and kisses.

DEMETRIUS.

Then—O my fair, I cannot bid thee go;
Receive her, and protect her, gracious heav'n!
Yet let me watch her dear departing steps,
If fate pursues me, let it find me here.

Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy cause neglected while I gaze;
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,
And find our passions not infus'd in vain. [Exeunt,

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, *enter as talking.*

ASPASIA.

ENOUGH—resistless reason calms my soul—
 Approving justice smiles upon your cause,
 And nature's rights entreat th' asserting sword.
 Yet when your hand is lifted to destroy,
 Think—but excuse a woman's needless caution,
 Purge well thy mind from ev'ry private passion,
 Drive int'rest, love, and vengeance from thy thoughts,
 Fill all thy ardent breast with Greece and virtue,
 Then strike secure, and heav'n assist the blow!

DEMETRIUS.

Thou kind assistant of my better angel,
 Propitious guide of my bewilder'd soul,
 Calm of my cares, and guardian of my virtue!

ASPASIA.

My soul, first kindled by thy bright example
 To nobler thought and gen'rous emulation,
 Now but reflects those beams that flow'd from thee.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

With native lustre and unborrow'd greatness,
 Thou shin'st, bright maid, superior to distress;
 Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,
 Those glitt'ring dew drops of a vernal morn,
 That spread their colours to the genial beam,
 And sparkling quiver to the breath of May;
 But when the tempest with sonorous wing
 Sweeps o'er the grove, forsake the lab'ring bough,
 Dispers'd in air, or mingled with the dust.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this triumph—still new conflicts wait us,
 Foes unforeseen, and dangers unsuspected.
 Oft when the fierce besiegers' eager host
 Beholds the fainting garrison retire,
 And rushes joyful to the naked wall,
 Destruction flashes from th' insidious mine,
 And sweeps th' exulting conqueror away:
 Perhaps in vain the Sultan's anger spar'd me,
 To find a meaner fate from treach'rous friendship—
 Abdalla!——

DEMETRIUS.

Can Abdalla then dissemble?
 That fiery chief, renown'd for gen'rous freedom,
 For zeal unguarded, undissembled hate,
 For daring truth, and turbulence of honour?

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

'This open friend, this undefining hero,
With noisy falsehoods forc'd me from your arms,
To shock my virtue with a tale of love.

DEMETRIUS.

Did not the cause of Greece restrain my sword,
Aspasia should not fear a second insult.

ASPASIA.

His pride and love by turns inspir'd his tongue,
And intermix'd my praises with his own;
His wealth, his rank, his honours he recounted,
Till, in the midst of arrogance and fondness,
'Th' approaching Sultan forc'd me from the palace;
Then while he gaz'd upon his yielding mistress,
I stole unheeded from their ravish'd eyes,
And sought this happy grove in quest of thee.

DEMETRIUS.

Soon may the final stroke decide our fate,
Lest baneful discord crush our infant scheme,
And strangled freedom perish in the birth!

ASPASIA.

My bosom, harrafs'd with alternate passions,
Now hopes, now fears—

DEMETRIUS.

'Th' anxieties of love.

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

Think how the sov'reign arbiter of kingdoms
 Detects thy false associates' black designs,
 And frowns on perjury, revenge, and murder.
 Embark'd with treason on the seas of fate,
 When heav'n shall bid the swelling billows rage,
 And point vindictive lightnings at rebellion,
 Will not the patriot share the traitor's danger?
 Oh could thy hand unaided free thy country,
 Nor mingled guilt pollute the sacred cause!

DEMETRIUS.

Permitted oft, though not inspir'd by heav'n,
 Successful treasons punish impious kings.

ASPASIA.

Nor end my terrors with the Sultan's death;
 Far as futurity's untravell'd waste
 Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,
 On ev'ry side confusion, rage, and death,
 Perhaps the phantoms of a woman's fear,
 Beset the treacherous way with fatal ambush;
 Each Turkish bosom burns for thy destruction,
 Ambitious Cali dreads the statesman's arts,
 And hot Abdalla hates the happy lover.

DEMETRIUS.

Capricious man! to good and ill inconstant,
 Too much to fear, or trust, is equal weakness.

Sometimes

Sometimes the wretch unaw'd by heav'n or hell,
With mad devotion idolizes honour.
The Bassa, reeking with his master's murder,
Perhaps may start at violated friendship.

ASPASIA.

How soon, alas! will int'rest, fear, or envy,
O'erthrow such weak, such accidental virtue,
Nor built on faith, nor fortify'd by conscience?

DEMETRIUS.

When desp'rate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

ASPASIA.

Yet think a moment, ere you court destruction,
What hand, when death has snatch'd away Demetrius,
Shall guard Aspasia from triumphant lust.

DEMETRIUS.

Dismiss these needless fears—a troop of Greeks
Well known, long try'd, expect us on the shore.
Borne on the surface of the smiling deep,
Soon shalt thou scorn, in safety's arms repos'd,
Abdalla's rage and Cali's stratagems.

ASPASIA.

Still, still distrust sits heavy on my heart.
Will e'er an happier hour revisit Greece?

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Should heav'n yet unappeas'd refuse its aid,
 Disperse our hopes, and frustrate our designs,
 Yet shall the conscience of the great attempt
 Diffuse a brightness on our future days;
 Nor will his country's groans reproach Demetrius.
 But how canst thou support the woes of exile?
 Canst thou forget hereditary splendours,
 To live obscure upon a foreign coast,
 Content with science, innocence, and love?

ASPASIA.

Nor wealth, nor titles, make Aspasia's bliss.
 O'erwhelm'd and lost amidst the publick ruins,
 Unmov'd I saw the glitt'ring trifles perish,
 And thought the petty dross beneath a sigh.
 Cheerful I follow to the rural cell,
 Love be my wealth, and my distinction virtue.

DEMETRIUS.

Submissive and prepar'd for each event,
 Now let us wait the last award of heav'n,
 Secure of happiness from flight, or conquest,
 Nor fear the fair and learn'd can want protection.
 The mighty Tuscan courts the banish'd arts
 To kind Italia's hospitable shades;
 There shall soft leisure wing th' excursive soul,
 And peace propitious smile on fond desire;

There

There shall despotick eloquence resume
Her ancient empire o'er the yielding heart ;
There Poetry shall tune her sacred voice,
And wake from ignorance the western world.

S C E N E II.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, CALI.

CALI.

At length th' unwilling sun resigns the world
To silence and to rest. The hours of darkness,
Propitious hours to stratagem and death,
Pursue the last remains of ling'ring light.

DEMETRIUS.

Count not these hours as parts of vulgar time,
Think them a sacred treasure lent by heav'n,
Which squander'd by neglect, or fear, or folly,
No pray'r recalls, no diligence redeems ;
To-morrow's dawn shall see the Turkish king
Stretch'd in the dust, or tow'ring on his throne ;
'To-morrow's dawn shall see the mighty Cali
The sport of tyranny, or lord of nations.

CALI.

Then waste no longer these important moments
In soft endearments, and in gentle murmurs,
Nor lose in love the patriot and the hero.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis love combin'd with guilt alone, that melts
The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth ;
But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,
And fans the slumb'ring spark of heav'nly fire.
Retire, my fair ; that pow'r that smiles on goodness
Guide all thy steps, calm ev'ry stormy thought,
And still thy bosom with the voice of peace !

ASPASIA.

Soon may we meet again, secure and free,
To feel no more the pangs of separation! [Exit.

DEMETRIUS, CALI.

DEMETRIUS.

This night alone is ours—Our mighty foe,
No longer lost in am'rous solitude,
Will now remount the slighted seat of empire
And show Irene to the shouting people :
Aspasia left her fighting in his arms,
And list'ning to the pleasing tale of pow'r,
With soften'd voice she dropp'd the faint refusal,
Smiling consent she sat, and blushing love.

CALI.

Now, tyrant, with satiety of beauty
Now feast thine eyes, thine eyes that ne'er hereafter
Shall dart their am'rous glances at the fair,
Or glare on Cali with malignant beams.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

DEMETRIUS, CALI, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

LEONTIUS.

Our bark unseen has reach'd th' appointed bay,
And where yon trees wave o'er the foaming surge
Reclines against the shore: our Grecian troop
Extends its lines along the sandy beach,
Elate with hope, and panting for a foe.

ABDALLA.

The fav'ring winds assist the great design,
Sport in our sails, and murmur o'er the deep.

CALI.

'Tis well—A single blow completes our wishes:
Return with speed, Leontius, to your charge;
The Greeks, disorder'd by their leader's absence,
May droop dismay'd, or kindle into madness.

LEONTIUS.

Suspected still?—What villain's pois'nous tongue
Dares join Leontius' name with fear, or falsehood?
Have I for this preserv'd my guiltless bosom,
Pure as the thoughts of infant innocence?
Have I for this defy'd the chiefs of Turkey,
Intrepid in the flaming front of war?

CALI.

CALI.

Hast thou not search'd my soul's profoundest thoughts?
Is not the fate of Greece and Cali thine?

LEONTIUS.

Why has thy choice then pointed out Leontius,
Unfit to share this night's illustrious toils?
To wait remote from action, and from honour,
An idle list'ner to the distant cries
Of slaughter'd infidels, and clash of swords!
Tell me the cause, that while thy name, Demetrius,
Shall soar triumphant on the wings of glory,
Despis'd and curs'd, Leontius must descend,
Through hissing ages, a proverbial coward,
The tale of women, and the scorn of fools?

DEMETRIUS.

Can brave Leontius be the slave of glory?
Glory, the casual gift of thoughtless crowds!
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!
Be but my country free, be thine the praise;
I ask no witness, but attesting conscience,
No records, but the records of the sky.

LEONTIUS.

Wilt thou then head the troop upon the shore,
While I destroy th' oppressor of mankind?

DEMETRIUS.

What canst thou boast superior to Demetrius?

I

Ask

Ask to whose sword the Greeks will trust their cause,
 My name shall echo through the shouting field;
 Demand whose force yon Turkish heroes dread,
 The shudd'ring camp shall murmur out Demetrius.

CALI.

Must Greece, still wretched by her children's folly,
 For ever mourn their avarice, or factions?
 Demetrius justly pleads a double title,
 The lover's int'rest aids the patriot's claim.

LEONTIUS.

My pride shall ne'er protract my country's woes;
 Succeed, my friend, unenvied by Leontius.

DEMETRIUS.

I feel new spirit shoot along my nerves,
 My soul expands to meet approaching freedom,
 Now hover o'er us with propitious wings,
 Ye sacred shades of patriots and of martyrs;
 All ye, whose blood tyrannick rage effus'd,
 Or persecution drank, attend our call;
 And from the mansions of perpetual peace
 Descend, to sweeten labours once your own.

CALI.

Go then, and with united eloquence
 Confirm your troops; and when the moon's fair beam
 Plays on the quiv'ring waves, to guide our flight,
 Return, Demetrius, and be free for ever.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Leon.*]

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

How the new monarch, swell'd with airy rule,
Looks down, contemptuous, from his fancy'd height,
And utters fate, unmindful of Abdalla!

CALI.

Far be such black ingratitude from Cali;
When Asia's nations own me for their lord,
Wealth, and command, and grandeur shall be thine.

ABDALLA.

Is this the recompence reserv'd for me?
Dar'ft thou thus dally with Abdalla's passion?
Henceforward hope no more my slighted friendship,
Wake from thy dream of pow'r to death and tortures,
And bid thy visionary throne farewell.

CALI.

Name, and enjoy thy wish—

ABDALLA.

I need not name it.
Aspasia's lovers know but one desire,
Nor hope, nor wish, nor live but for Aspasia.

CALI.

That fatal beauty plighted to Demetrius
Heav'n makes not mine to give.

I 2

ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

Nor to deny.

CALI.

Obtain her and possess, thou know'st thy rival.

ABDALLA.

Too well I know him, since on Thracia's plains
I felt the force of his tempestuous arm,
And saw my scatter'd squadrons fly before him.
Nor will I trust th' uncertain chance of combat ;
The rights of princes let the sword decide,
The petty claims of empire and of honour :
Revenge and subtle jealousy shall teach
A surer passage to his hated heart.

CALI.

O spare the gallant Greek, in him we lose
The politician's arts, and hero's flame.

ABDALLA.

When next we meet, before we storm the palace,
The bowl shall circle to confirm our league,
Then shall these juices taint Demetrius' draught,
[*Shewing a phial.*]
And stream destructive through his freezing veins :
Thus shall he live to strike th' important blow,
And perish ere he tastes the joys of conquest.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, CALI, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Henceforth for ever happy be this day,
Sacred to love, to pleasure, and Irene :
The matchless fair has bless'd me with compliance;
Let every tongue resound Irene's praise,
And spread the general transport through mankind.

CALI.

Blest prince, for whom indulgent Heav'n ordains
At once the joys of paradise and empire,
Now join thy people's, and thy Cali's prayers,
Suspend thy passage to the seats of bliss,
Nor wish for houries in Irene's arms.

MAHOMET.

Forbear—I know the long-try'd faith of Cali.

CALI.

O! could the eyes of kings, like those of heav'n,
Search to the dark recesses of the soul,
Oft would they find ingratitude and treason,
By smiles, and oaths, and praises ill disguis'd.
How rarely would they meet, in crowded courts,
Fidelity so firm, so pure, as mine!

MUSTAPHA.

Yet ere we give our loosen'd thoughts to rapture,

Let prudence obviate an impending danger
 Tainted by sloth, the parent of sedition,
 'The hungry janizary burns for plunder,
 And growls in private o'er his idle fabre.

MAHOMET.

To still their murmurs, ere the twentieth sun
 Shall shed his beams upon the bridal bed,
 I rouse to war, and conquer for Irene.
 Then shall the Rhodian mourn his sinking tow'rs,
 And Buda fall, and proud Vienna tremble,
 Then shall Venetia feel the Turkish pow'r,
 And subject seas roar round their queen in vain.

ABDALLA.

Then seize fair Italy's delightful coast,
 To fix your standard in imperial Rome.

MAHOMET.

Her sons malicious clemency shall spare,
 To form new legends, sanctify new crimes,
 To canonize the slaves of superstition,
 And fill the world with follies and impostures,
 Till angry heav'n shall mark them out for ruin,
 And war o'erwhelm them in their dream of vice.
 O could her fabled saints, and boasted prayers
 Call forth her ancient heroes to the field,
 How should I joy, 'midst the fierce shock of nations,
 To cross the tow'rings of an equal soul,

And

And bid the master genius rule the world.

Abdalla, Cali, go—proclaim my purpose.

[*Exeunt Cali and Abdalla.*]

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Still Cali lives, and must he live to-morrow?

That fawning villain's forc'd congratulations

Will cloud my triumphs, and pollute the day.

MUSTAPHA.

With cautious vigilance, at my command,

Two faithful captains, Hasef and Caraza,

Pursue him through his labyrinths of treason,

And wait your summons to report his conduct.

MAHOMET.

Call them—but let them not prolong their tale,

Nor press too much upon a lover's patience.

[*Exit Mustapha.*]

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET *solus.*

Whome'er the hope, still blasted, still renew'd,

Of happiness, lures on from toil to toil,

Remember Mahomet, and cease thy labour.
 Behold him here, in love, in war successful,
 Behold him wretched in his double triumph;
 His fav'rite faithless, and his mistress base.
 Ambition only gave her to my arms,
 By reason not convinc'd, nor won by love.
 Ambition was her crime, but meaner folly
 Dooms me to loath at once, and doat on falsehood,
 And idolize th' apostate I contemn.
 If thou art more than the gay dream of fancy,
 More than a pleasing sound without a meaning,
 O happiness! sure thou art all Aspasia's.

S C E N E VIII.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, HASAN, *and* CARAZA.

MAHOMET.

Caraza, speak—have ye remark'd the Bassa?

CARAZA.

Cloſe, as we might unſeen, we watch'd his ſteps;
 His air diſorder'd, and his gait unequal,
 Betray'd the wild emotions of his mind.
 Sudden he ſtops, and inward turns his eyes,
 Abſorb'd in thought; then ſtarting from his trance,
 Conſtrains a ſullen ſmile, and ſhoots away.
 With him Abdalla we beheld—

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

Abdalla!

MAHOMET.

He wears of late resentment on his brow,
Deny'd the government of Servia's province.

CARAZA.

We mark'd him storming in excess of fury,
And heard, within the thicket that conceal'd us,
An undistinguish'd sound of threat'ning rage.

MUSTAPHA.

How guilt once harbour'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
By treason levell'd with the dregs of men!
Ere guilty fear depress'd the hoary chief,
An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
Had stretch'd the fiery boaster in the grave.

MAHOMET.

Shall monarchs fear to draw the sword of justice,
Aw'd by the crowd, and by their slaves restrain'd?
Seize him this night, and through the private passage
Convey him to the prison's inmost depths,
Reserv'd to all the pangs of tedious death.

[*Exeunt Mahomet and Mustapha.*]

SCENE IX.

HASAN, CARAZA.

HASAN.

Shall then the Greeks, unpunish'd and conceal'd,
Contrive perhaps the ruin of our empire,
League with our chiefs, and propagate sedition?

CARAZA.

Whate'er their scheme, the Bassa's death defeats it,
And gratitude's strong ties restrain my tongue.

HASAN.

What ties to slaves? what gratitude to foes?

CARAZA.

In that black day when slaughter'd thousands fell
Around these fatal walls, the tide of war
Bore me victorious onward, where Demetrius
Tore unresisted from the giant hand
Of stern Sebalias the triumphant crescent,
And dash'd the might of Assem from the ramparts.
There I became, nor blush to make it known,
The captive of his sword. The coward Greeks,
Enrag'd by wrongs, exulting with success,
Doom'd me to die with all the Turkish captains;
But brave Demetrius scorn'd the mean revenge,
And gave me life—

HASAN.

HASAN.

Do thou repay the gift,
Left unrewarded mercy lose its charms.

Profuse of wealth, or bounteous of success,
When heav'n bestows the privilege to bless;
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand restrain,
For when was pow'r beneficent in vain?

[Exit.

A C T

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

ASPASIA *solus a*

IN these dark moments of suspended fate,
 While yet the future fortune of my country
 Lies in the womb of providence conceal'd,
 And anxious angels wait the mighty birth;
 O grant thy sacred influence, pow'rful virtue!
 Attention rise, survey the fair creation,
 Till, conscious of th' encircling deity,
 Beyond the mists of care thy pinion tow'rs.
 This calm, these joys, dear innocence! are thine,
 Joys ill exchang'd for gold, and pride, and empire.

[Enter Irene and Attendants.]

S C E N E II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, Attendants.

IRENE.

See how the moon through all th' unclouded sky
 Spreads her mild radiance, and descending dews
 Revive the languid flow'rs; thus nature shone
 New from the maker's hand, and fair array'd

In

In the bright colours of primæval spring ;
When purity, while fraud was yet unknown,
Play'd fearless in th' inviolated shades.
This elemental joy, this gen'ral calm,
Is sure the smile of unoffended heav'n.
Yet ! why—

MAID.

Behold, within th' embow'ring grove
Aspasia stands——

IRENE.

With melancholy mien,
Pensive, and envious of Irene's greatness.
Steal unperceiv'd upon her meditations—
But see, the lofty maid, at our approach,
Resumes th' imperious air of haughty virtue.
Are these th' unceasing joys, th' unmingled pleasures
[To Aspasia.]

For which Aspasia scorn'd the Turkish crown ?
Is this th' unshaken confidence in heav'n ?
Is this the boasted blifs of conscious virtue ?
When did content sigh out her cares in secret ?
When did felicity repine in desarts ?

ASPASIA.

Ill suits with guilt the gaieties of triumph ;
When daring vice insults eternal justice,
The ministers of wrath forget compassion,

And

And snatch the flaming bolt with hasty hand.

IRENE.

Forbear thy threats, proud prophets of ill,
Vers'd in the secret counsels of the sky.

ASPASIA.

Forbear—But thou art sunk beneath reproach;
In vain affected raptures flush the cheek,
And songs of pleasure warble from the tongue,
When fear and anguish labour in the breast,
And all within is darkness and confusion;
Thus on deceitful Etna's flow'ry side,
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye,
While secret flames, with unextinguish'd rage,
Insatiate on her wasted entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruin.

[Enter Dem.

SCENE III.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Fly, fly, my love, destruction rushes on us,
The rack expects us, and the sword pursues.

ASPASIA.

Is Greece deliver'd? is the tyrant fall'n?

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Greece is no more, the prosp'rous tyrant lives,
Reserv'd, for other lands, the scourge of heav'n.

ASPASIA.

Say, by what fraud, what force were you defeated?
Betray'd by falsehood, or by crowds o'erborn?

DEMETRIUS.

The pressing exigence forbids relation.
Abdalla ———

ASPASIA.

Hated name! his jealous rage
Broke out in perfidy — Oh curs'd Aspasia,
Born to complete the ruin of her country;
Hide me, oh hide me from upbraiding Greece,
Oh, hide me from myself!

DEMETRIUS.

Be fruitless grief

The doom of guilt alone, nor dare to seize
The breast where virtue guards the throne of peace,
Devolve, dear maid, thy sorrows on the wretch,
Whose fear, or rage, or treachery betray'd us.

IRENE *aside*.

A private station may discover more;
Then let me rid them of Irene's presence:
Proceed, and give a loose to love and treason.

[*Withdraws.*]

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

Yet tell.

DEMETRIUS.

To tell, or hear, were waste of life.

ASPASIA.

The life, which only this design supported,
Were now well lost, in hearing how you fail'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Or meanly fraudulent, or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill-tim'd mirth propos'd the bowl of love.
Just as it reach'd my lips, a sudden cry
Urg'd me to dash it to the ground untouch'd,
And seize my sword with disencumber'd hand.

ASPASIA.

What cry? The stratagem? Did then Abdalla? —

DEMETRIUS.

At once a thousand passions fir'd his cheek!
Then all is past, he cried—and darted from us;
Nor at the call of Cali deign'd to turn.

ASPASIA.

Why did you stay? deserted and betray'd?
What more could force attempt, or art contrive?

DEMETRIUS.

Amazement seiz'd us, and the hoary Bassa

Stood

Stood torpid in suspense; but soon Abdalla
Return'd with force that made resistance vain,
And bade his new confederates seize the traitors.
Cali disarm'd was borne away to death;
Myself escap'd, or favour'd, or neglected.

ASPASIA.

O Greece! renown'd for science and for wealth,
Behold thy boasted honours snatch'd away.

DEMETRIUS.

Though disappointment blast our general scheme,
Yet much remains to hope. I shall not call
The day disastrous that secures our flight;
Nor think that effort lost which rescues thee.

[Enter Abd.

SCENE IV.

IRENE, ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

At length the prize is mine—The haughty maid
That bears the fate of empires in her air,
Henceforth shall live for me; for me alone
Shall plume her charms, and, with attentive watch,
Steal from Abdalla's eye the sign to smile.

K

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Cease this wild roar of savage exultation;
Advance, and perish in the frantic boast.

ASPASIA.

Forbear, Demetrius, 'tis Aspasia calls thee;
Thy love, Aspasia, calls; restrain thy sword;
Nor rush on useless wounds with idle courage.

DEMETRIUS.

What now remains?

ASPASIA.

It now remains to fly?

DEMETRIUS.

Shall, then, the savage live, to boast his insult;
Tell how Demetrius shun'd his single hand,
And stole his life and mistress from his sabre?

ABDALLA.

Infatuate loiterer, has fate, in vain,
Unclasp'd his iron gripe to set thee free?
Still dost thou flutter in the jaws of death;
Snar'd with thy fears, and maz'd in stupefaction?

DEMETRIUS.

Forgive, my fair, 'tis life, 'tis nature calls.
Now, traitor, feel the fear, that chills my hand.

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

'Tis madness to provoke superfluous danger;
And cowardice to dread the boast of folly.

ABDALLA.

Fly, wretch, while yet my pity grants thee flight?
The power of Turkey waits upon my call:
Leave but this maid, resign a hopeless claim,
And drag away thy life in scorn and safety,
Thy life, too mean a prey to lure Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Once more I dare thy sword; behold the prize,
Behold I quit her to the chance of battle.

[Quitting Aspasia:]

ABDALLA.

Well may'st thou call thy master to the combat,
And try the hazard, that hast nought to stake;
Alike my death, or thine is gain to thee;
But soon thou shalt repent: another moment
Shall throw th' attending Janizaries round thee.

[Exit hastily Abdalla:]

SCENE V.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

IRENE.

Abdalla fails, now fortune all is mine, [*Aside.*

Haste, Murza, to the palace, let the Sultan

[*To one of her attendants.*

Dispatch his guards to stop the flying traitors,

While I protract their stay. Be swift and faithful.

[*Exit Murza.*

This lucky stratagem shall charm the Sultan, [*Aside.*

Secure his confidence, and fix his love.

DEMETRIUS.

Behold a boaster's worth! Now snatch, my fair,

The happy moment, hasten to the shore,

Ere he return with thousands at his side.

ASPASIA.

In vain I listen to th' inviting call

Of freedom and of love: My trembling joints,

Relax'd with fear, refuse to bear me forward.

Depart, Demetrius, lest my fate involve thee;

For sake a wretch abandon'd to despair,

To share the miseries herself has caus'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Let us not struggle with th' eternal will,

Nor

Nor languish o'er irreparable ruins;
Come haste, and live—Thy innocence and truth
Shall bless our wand'rings, and propitiate heav'n.

IRENE.

Prefs not her flight, while yet her feeble nerves
Refuse their office, and uncertain life
Still labours with imaginary woe;
Here let me tend her with officious care,
Watch each unquiet flutter of the breast,
And joy to feel the vital warmth return,
To see the cloud forsake her kindling cheek,
And hail the rosy dawn of rising health.

ASPASIA.

Oh! rather scornful of flagitious greatness,
Resolve to share our dangers and our toils,
Companion of our flight, illustrious exile,
Leave slav'ry, guilt, and infamy behind.

IRENE.

My soul attends thy voice, and banish'd virtue
Strives to regain her empire of the mind:
Assist her efforts with thy strong persuasion;
Sure 'tis the happy hour ordain'd above,
When vanquish'd vice shall tyrannize no more.

DEMETRIUS.

Remember, peace and anguish are before thee,
And honour and reproach, and heav'n and hell.

K 3

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

Content with freedom, and precarious greatness,

DEMETRIUS.

Now make thy choice, while yet the pow'r of choice
Kind heaven affords thee, and inviting mercy
Holds out her hand to lead thee back to truth.

IRENE.

Stay—in this dubious twilight of conviction,
The gleams of reason, and the clouds of passion,
Irradiate and obscure my breast by turns :
Stay but a moment, and prevailing truth
Will spread resistless light upon my soul.

DEMETRIUS.

But since none knows the danger of a moment,
And heav'n forbids to lavish life away,
Let kind compulsion terminate the contest.

[*Seizing her hand.*]

Ye Christian captives, follow me to freedom :
A galley waits us, and the winds invite.

IRENE.

Whence is this violence ?

DEMETRIUS.

Your calmer thought
Will teach a gentler term.

IRENE.

IRENE.

Forbear this rudeness,
And learn the reverence due to Turkey's Queen:
Fly, slaves, and call the Sultan to my rescue.

DEMETRIUS.

Farewell, unhappy maid: May ev'ry joy
Be thine, that wealth can give, or guilt receive!

ASPASIA.

And when, contemptuous of imperial pow'r,
Disease shall chase the phantoms of ambition,
May penitence attend thy mournful bed,
And wing thy latest pray'r to pitying heav'n!

[Exeunt Dem. Asp. with part of the attendants.]

SCENE VI.

IRENE *walks at a distance from her attendants.*

After a pause.

Against the head which innocence secures,
Inferious malice aims her darts in vain;
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of heav'n.
Perhaps ev'n now the lovers unpursu'd
Bound o'er the sparkling waves. Go, happy bark,
Thy sacred freight shall still the raging main.
To guide thy passage shall th' aerial spirits

Fill all the starry lamps with double blaze;
 'Th' applauding sky shall pour forth all its beams
 To grace the triumph of victorious virtue.
 While I, not yet familiar to my crimes,
 Recoil from thought, and shudder at myself.
 How am I chang'd! How lately did Irene
 Fly from the busy pleasures of her sex,
 Well pleas'd to search the treasures of remembrance,
 And live her guiltless moments o'er anew!
 Come let us seek new pleasures in the palace, [To
 Till soft fatigue invite us to repose. *her attendants,*
going off.

S C E N E VII.

Enter MUSTAPHA, meeting and stopping her.

MUSTAPHA.

Fair falsehood stay.

IRENE.

What dream of sudden power.
 Has taught my slave the language of command!
 Henceforth be wise, nor hope a second pardon.

MUSTAPHA.

Who calls for pardon from a wretch condemn'd?

IRENE.

IRENE.

Thy look, thy speech, thy action, all is wildness—
Who charges guilt on me?

MUSTAPHA.

Who charges guilt!

Ask of thy heart; attend the voice of conscience—
Who charges guilt! lay by this proud resentment
That fires thy cheek, and elevates thy mien,
Nor thus usurp the dignity of virtue.
Review this day.

IRENE.

Whate'er thy accusation,
The Sultan is my judge.

MUSTAPHA.

That hope is past;
Hard was the strife of justice and of love;
But now 'tis o'er, and justice has prevail'd.
Know'st thou not Cali? know'st thou not Demetrius?

IRENE.

Bold slave, I know them both—I know them traitors.

MUSTAPHA.

Perfidious!—yes—too well thou know'st them traitors.

IRENE.

Their treason throws no stain upon Irene.

This

This day has prov'd my fondness for the Sultan ;
He knew Irene's truth.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan knows it,
He knows how near apostacy to treason—
But 'tis not mine to judge—I scorn and leave thee.
I go, lest vengeance urge my hand to blood,
To blood, too mean to stain a soldier's sabre.

[Exit Mustapha.

IRENE to her attendants.

Go, blustering slave.—He has not heard of Murza.
That dext'rous message frees me from suspicion.

SCENE VIII.

*Enter HASAN, CARAZA, with mutes, who throw the
black rope upon IRENE, and sign to her attendants to
withdraw.*

HASAN.

Forgive, fair excellence, th' unwilling tongue,
The tongue, that, forc'd by strong necessity,
Bids beauty, such as thine, prepare to die.

IRENE.

What wild mistake is this? Take hence with speed
Your robe of mourning, and your dogs of death,

Quick

Quick from my sight, you inauspicious monsters,
Nor dare henceforth to shock Irene's walks.

HASAN.

Alas! they come, commanded by the sultan,
Th' unpitying ministers of Turkish justice,
Nor dare to spare the life his frown condemns.

IRENE.

Are these the rapid thunderbolts of war,
That pour with sudden violence on kingdoms,
And spread their flames resistless o'er the world?
What sleepy charms benumb these active heroes,
Depress their spirits, and retard their speed?
Beyond the fear of ling'ring punishment,
Aspasia now within her lover's arms
Securely sleeps, and, in delightful dreams,
Smiles at the threat'nings of defeated rage.

CARAZA.

We come, bright virgin, tho' relenting nature
Shrinks at the hated task, for thy destruction;
When, summon'd by the sultan's clam'rous fury,
We ask'd, with tim'rous tongue, th' offender's name,
He struck his tortur'd breast, and roar'd, Irene:
We started at the sound, again inquir'd,
Again his thund'ring voice return'd, Irene.

IRENE.

Whence is this rage? what barb'rous tongue has
wrong'd me?

What

What fraud misleads him? or what crimes incense?

HASAN.

Expiring Cali nam'd Irene's chamber,
The place appointed for his master's death.

IRENE.

Irene's chamber! From my faithful bosom
Far be the thought—But hear my protestation.

CARAZA.

'Tis ours, alas! to punish, not to judge,
Not call'd to try the cause, we heard the sentence,
Ordain'd the mournful messengers of death.

IRENE.

Some ill designing statesman's base intrigue!
Some cruel stratagem of jealous beauty!
Perhaps yourselves the villains that defame me,
Now haste to murder, ere returning thought
Recall th' extorted doom.—It must be so,
Confess your crime, or lead me to the sultan,
Th^{re}se dauntless truth shall blast the vile accuser,
Then shall you feel what language cannot utter,
Each piercing torture, every change of pain,
That vengeance can invent, or pow'r inflict.

[Enter Abdalla, he stops short and listens.]

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

IRENE, HASAN, CARAZA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA *afide*.

All is not lost, Abdalla, see the queen,
 See the last witnesses of thy guilt and fear
 Enrob'd in death—Dispatch her and be great.

CARAZA.

Unhappy fair! compassion calls upon me
 To check this torrent of imperious rage;
 While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue
 With idle threats and fruitless exclamation,
 The fraudulent moments ply their silent wings,
 And steal thy life away. Death's horrid angel
 Already shakes his bloody sabre o'er thee.
 The raging Sultan burns till our return,
 Curses the dull delays of ling'ring mercy,
 And thinks his fatal mandates ill obey'd.

ABDALLA.

Is then your sov'reign's life so cheaply rated,
 That thus you parley with detected treason?
 Should she prevail to gain the Sultan's presence,
 Soon might her tears engage a lover's credit;
 Perhaps her malice might transfer the charge,
 Perhaps her pois'nous tongue might blast Abdalla.

[IRENE.]

IRENE.

O let me but be heard, nor fear from me
 Or flights of pow'r, or projects of ambition:
 My hopes, my wishes, terminate in life,
 A little life for grief, and for repentance.

ABDALLA.

I mark'd her wily messenger afar,
 And saw him skulking in the closest walks:
 I guess'd her dark designs, and warn'd the Sultan,
 And bring her former sentence new confirm'd.

HASAN.

Then call it not our cruelty, nor crime,
 Deem us not deaf to woe, nor blind to beauty,
 That thus constrain'd we speed the stroke of death.

[*Beckons the mutes.*]

IRENE.

O name not death! Distraction and amazement,
 Horror and agony are in that sound!
 Let me but live, heap woes on woes upon me,
 Hide me with murd'ers in the dungeon's gloom,
 Send me to wander on some pathless shore,
 Let shame and hooting infamy pursue me,
 Let slav'ry harrafs, and let hunger gripe.

CARAZA.

Could we reverse the sentence of the Sultan,

Our

Our bleeding bosoms plead Irene's cause.
But cries and tears are vain, prepare with patience
To meet that fate we can delay no longer.

[The mutes at the sign lay hold of her.]

ABDALLA.

Dispatch, ye ling'ring slaves, or nimbler hands
Quick at my call shall execute your charge;
Dispatch, and learn a fitter time for pity.

IRENE.

Grant me one hour, O grant me but a moment,
And bounteous heaven repay the mighty mercy
With peaceful death, and happiness eternal.

CARAZA.

The prayer I cannot grant—I dare not hear.
Short be thy pains. *[Signs again to the mutes.]*

IRENE.

Unutterable anguish!
Guilt and despair! pale spectres, grin around me,
And stun me with the yellings of damnation!
O, hear my pray'rs! accept, all-pitying heaven,
These tears, these pangs, these last remains of life,
Nor let the crimes of this detested day
Be charg'd upon my soul. O, mercy! mercy!

[Mutes force her out.]

SCENE

SCENE X.

ABDALLA, HASAN, CARAZA.

ABDALLA *aside*.

Safe in her death, and in Demetrius' flight,
Abdalla, bid thy troubled breast be calm;
Now shalt thou shine the darling of the Sultan,
The plot all Cali's, the detection thine.

HASAN *to* CARAZA.

Does not thy bosom, for I know thee tender,
A stranger to th' oppressor's savage joy,
Melt at Irene's fate, and share her woes?

CARAZA.

Her piercing cries yet fill the loaded air,
Dwell on my ear, and sadden all my soul;
But let us try to clear our clouded brows,
And tell the horrid tale with cheerful face;
The stormy Sultan rages at our stay.

ABDALLA.

Frame your report with circumspective art,
Inflame her crimes, exalt your own obedience,
But let no thoughtless hint involve Abdalla.

CARAZA.

What need of caution to report the fate

Of her the Sultan's voice condemn'd to die?
 Or why should he, whose violence of duty
 Has serv'd his prince so well, demand our silence?

ABDALLA.

Perhaps my zeal too fierce betray'd my prudence;
 Perhaps my warmth exceeded my commission;
 Perhaps I will not stoop to plead my cause;
 Or argue with the slave that sav'd Demetrius.

CARAZA.

From his escape learn thou the pow'r of virtue,
 Nor hope his fortune while thou want'st his worth.

HASAN.

The Sultan comes, still gloomy, still enrag'd.

SCENE XI.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA,

ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Where's this fair trait'refs? Where's this smiling mischief?

Whom neither vows could fix, nor favours bind?

HASAN.

Thine orders, mighty Sultan! are perform'd,
 And all Irene now is breathless clay.

L

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Your hasty zeal defrauds the claim of justice,
And disappointed vengeance burns in vain;
I came to heighten tortures by reproach,
And add new terrors to the face of death.
Was this the maid whose love I bought with empire!
True, she was fair; the smile of innocence
Play'd on her cheek — So shone the first apostate —
Irene's chamber! Did not roaring Cali,
Just as the rack forc'd out his struggling soul,
Name for the scene of death Irene's chamber?

MUSTAPHA.

His breath prolong'd but to detect her treason,
Then in short sighs forsook his broken frame.

MAHOMET.

Decreed to perish in Irene's chamber!
'There had she lull'd me with endearing falsehoods,
Clasp'd in her arms, or slumb'ring on her breast,
And bar'd my bosom to the ruffian's dagger.

SCENE XII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA,
MURZA, ABDALLA.

MURZA,

Forgive, great Sultan! that by fate prevented,
I bring a tardy message from Irene.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Some artful wile of counterfeited love!
Some soft decoy to lure me to destruction!
And thou, the curs'd accomplice of her treason,
Declare thy message, and expect thy doom.

MURZA.

The queen requested that a chosen troop
Might intercept the traitor Greek, Demetrius,
Then ling'ring with his captive mistress here.

MUSTAPHA.

The Greek, Demetrius? whom th' expiring Bassa
Declar'd the chief associate of his guilt.

MAHOMET.

A chosen troop — to intercept — Demetrius —
The queen requested — Wretch, repeat the message;
And if one varied accent prove thy falsehood,
Or but one moment's pause betray confusion,
Those trembling limbs — Speak out, thou shiv'ring
traitor.

MURZA.

The queen requested —

MAHOMET.

Who? the dead Irene?
Was she then guiltless! Has my thoughtless rage
Destroy'd the fairest workmanship of heaven!

Doom'd her to death unpity'd and unheard,
 Amidst her kind solicitudes for me!
 Ye slaves of cruelty, ye tools of rage, [*To Haf. & Car.*
 Ye blind officious ministers of folly,
 Could not her charms repress your zeal for murder?
 Could not her prayers, her innocence, her tears,
 Suspend the dreadful sentence for an hour?
 One hour had freed me from the fatal error,
 One hour had sav'd me from despair and madness.

CARAZA.

Your fierce impatience forc'd us from your presence,
 Urg'd us to speed, and bade us banish pity,
 Nor trust our passions with her fatal charms.

MAHOMET.

What hast thou lost by slighting those commands?
 Thy life perhaps — Were but Irene spar'd,
 Well if a thousand lives like thine had perish'd;
 Such beauty, sweetness, love, were cheaply bought,
 With half the grov'ling slaves that load the globe.

MUSTAPHA.

Great is thy woe! but think, illustrious Sultan,
 Such ills are sent for souls like thine to conquer.
 Shake off this weight of unavailing grief,
 Rush to the war, display thy dreadful banners,
 And lead thy troops victorious round the world.

MAHOMET.

Robb'd of the maid with whom I wish'd to triumph,
No more I burn for fame, or for dominion;
Success and conquest now are empty sounds,
Remorse and anguish seize on all my breast;
Those groves, whose shades embower'd the dear Irene,
Heard her last cries, and fann'd her dying beauties,
Shall hide me from the tasteless world for ever.

Mahomet goes back and returns.

Yet ere I quit the sceptre of dominion,
Let one just act conclude the hateful day.
Hew down, ye guards, those vassals of distraction,

[Pointing to Hagan and Caraza.]

Those hounds of blood, that catch the hint to kill;
Bear off with eager haste th' unfinish'd sentence,
And speed the stroke lest mercy should o'ertake them.

CARAZA.

Then hear, great Mahomet, the voice of truth:

MAHOMET.

Hear! shall I hear thee! didst thou hear Irene?

CARAZA.

Hear but a moment.

MAHOMET.

Hadst thou heard a moment,
Thou might'st have liv'd, for thou hadst spar'd Irene.

CARAZA.

I heard her, pitied her, and wish'd to save her.

MAHOMET.

And wish'd — Be still thy fate to wish in vain.

CARAZA.

I heard, and soften'd, till Abdalla brought
Her final doom, and hurried her destruction.

MAHOMET.

Abdalla brought her doom! Abdalla brought it!
The wretch, whose guilt declar'd by tortur'd Cali,
My rage and grief had hid from my remembrance;
Abdalla brought her doom!

HASAN.

Abdalla brought it,
While she yet begg'd to plead her cause before thee.

MAHOMET.

O seize me, madness — Did she call on me!
I feel, I see the ruffian's barb'rous rage.
He seiz'd her melting in the fond appeal,
And stopp'd the heav'nly voice that call'd on me.
My spirits fail, awhile support me, vengeance —
Be just, ye slaves, and, to be just, be cruel,
Contrive new racks, imbitter every pang,
Infllict whatever treason can deserve,
Which murder'd innocence that call'd on me.

[Exit Mahomet.

[Abdalla is dragg'd off.

S C E N E

SCENE XIII.

MAHOMET, HASAN, CARAZA, MUSTAPHA,
MURZA.

MUSTAPHA *to* MURZA.

What plagues, what tortures, are in store for thee,
Thou sluggish idler, dilatory slave?
Behold the model of consummate beauty,
Torn from the mourning earth by thy neglect.

MURZA.

Such was the will of heav'n — A band of Greeks
That mark'd my course, suspicious of my purpose,
Rush'd out and seiz'd me, thoughtless and unarm'd,
Breathless, amaz'd, and on the guarded beach
Detain'd me till Demetrius set me free.

MUSTAPHA.

So sure the fall of greatness rais'd on crimes,
So fix'd the justice of all-conscious heav'n.
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But heav'n shall guide it to the guilty heart.

8. CHEM. B. 1011.

ODS, PROLOGUES,

EPITAPHS, &c.

ODONTOLOGICAL

EPITAPH

S P R I N G.

AN ODE.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
 Forbears the long continued strife;
 And nature, on her naked breast,
 Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
 Soft pleasure with her laughing train,
 Love warbles in the vocal groves,
 And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain,
 Arthritic * tyranny consigns;
 Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
 Tho' rapture sings and beauty shines.

Yet tho' my limbs disease invades,
 Her wings imagination tries,
 And bears me to the peaceful shades
 Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
 Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
 Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

* The author being ill of the gout.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue,
 A guide — a father — and a friend,
 Once more great nature's works renew,
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
 Here let me learn the use of life,
 When best enjoyed — when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
 Cool meditation's quiet seat,
 The generous scorn of venal power,
 The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
 Or raging factions rush to war,
 Here let me learn to shun the crimes
 I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
 Bright wisdom teach me Curio's art,
 The swelling passions to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

THE MIDSUMMER'S WISH.

AN ODE.

O Phœbus! down the western sky,
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come gentle Eve, the friend of care,
Come Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature spreads;
Where the green bower with roses crown'd,
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While

Whilst all my wish and thine complete,
 By turns we languish and we burn,
 Let fighting gales our sighs repeat,
 Our murmurs — murmuring brooks return.

Let me when nature calls to rest,
 And blushing skies the morn foretell,
 Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
 And bid the waking world farewell.

A U T U M N.

AN O'D E.

A LAS! with swift and silent pace,
 Impatient time rolls on the year;
 The seasons change, and nature's face
 Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
 Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
 The flowers of Spring are swept away,
 And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
 And wanton'd on the western breeze,
 Now trod in dust neglected lie,
 As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
 As ruffet heaths are wild and bare;
 Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
 Nor health, nor pleasure wanders there.

No more while thro' the midnight shade,
 Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
 Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
 As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
 O! would some god but wings supply!
 To where each morn the Spring restores,
 Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish! me fate compels to bear
 The downward seasons iron reign,
 Compels to breathe polluted air,
 And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
 If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail;
 And Ceres flies the naked field,
 And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
 To cheer me in the dark'ning hour?
 The grape remains! the friend of wit,
 In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

Haste

Haste — press the clusters, fill the bowl ;

Apollo ! shoot thy parting ray :

This gives the sunshine of the soul,

This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still — still the jocund strain shall flow,

The pulse with vigorous rapture beat ;

My Stella with new charms shall glow,

And every bliss in wine shall meet.

W I N T E R.

AN ODE.

NO more the morn with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of various hue ;

Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,

Nor gentle eve distills the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,

Usurping darkness shares the day ;

Her mists restrain the force of light,

And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,

With sighs we view the hoary hill,

The leafless wood, the naked field,

The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain;
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
 Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
 Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere;
 Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
 Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy!
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
 Nor music charm — tho' Stella sings;
 Nor love, nor wine, the Spring restore.

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies;
 Life's a short Summer — man a flower,
 He dies — alas! how soon he dies!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
 What dreary prospects round us rise;
 The naked hill, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Nor only thought the wasted plain,
 Stern Winter in thy force confess'd;
 Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
 I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening hope, and fond desires,
 Resign the heart to spleen and care;
 Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
 And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
 Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
 Still changing with the changeful year,
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife,
 Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of life.

A S O N G.

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,
 The fragrance of the flow'ry vales,
 The murmurs of the chrystal rill,
 The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
 Not all their charms, tho' all unite,
 Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
 Not all Peru's unbounded store,
 Not all the power, nor all the fame,
 That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
 Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,
 To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
 And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
 Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
 Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;
 In lovely Stella all combine,
 And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

AN EVENING ODE.

To STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings
 Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
 Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
 Cooling breezes shake the reed;
 Shake the reed, and curl the stream
 Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
 Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
 Hears, and keeps thy secrets, love.
 Stella, thither let us stray!
 Lightly o'er the dewy way.
 Phœbus drives his burning car,
 Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
 In his stead, the queen of night
 Round us pours a lambent light:
 Light that seems but just to show
 Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
 Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
 Evening's silent hours employ,
 Silence best, and conscious shades,
 Please the hearts that love invades,
 Other pleasures give them pain,
 Lovers all but love disdain.

To

To Miss HICKMAN*,

PLAYING ON THE SPINNET.

BRIGHT Stella, form'd for universal reign,
 Too well you know to keep the slaves you gain;
 When in your eyes resistless light'nings play,
 Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
 And yield reluctant to despotick sway:
 But when your musick sooths the raging pain,
 We bid propitious heav'n prolong your reign,
 We bless the tyrant, and we hug the chain.

When old Timotheus struck the vocal string,
 Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king:
 Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
 He pants for room in one poor world confin'd.
 Thus wak'd to rage, by musick's dreadful pow'r
 He bids the sword destroy, the flame devour.
 Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
 Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire:
 No more delighted with destructive war,
 Ambitious only now to please the fair;
 Resign'd his thirst of empire to her charms,
 And found a thousand worlds in Stella's arms.

* These Lines, which have been communicated by Dr. Turton, son to Mrs. Turton, the Lady to whom they are addressed by her maiden name of Hickman, must have been written at least as early as the year 1734, as that was the year of her marriage: at how much earlier a period of Dr. Johnson's life they may have been written, is not known.

PARAPHRASE of PROVERBS,

Chap. VI. Verses 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

"Go to the Ant thou sluggard."*

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise :

No stern command, no monitory voice
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice ;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away,
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day ;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.

How long shall sloth usurp thy uselefs hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs ?
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose.
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chafes year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

* In Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies, but now printed from
the original in Dr. Johnson's own hand-writing.

HORACE,

HORACE, Lib. IV. Ode VII.

TRANSLATED.

THE snow dissolv'd, no more is seen,
 The fields and woods, behold! are green,
 The changing year renews the plain,
 The rivers know their banks again,
 The sprightly nymph and naked grace
 The mazy dance together trace.
 The changing year's successive plan
 Proclaims mortality to man.
 Rough winter's blasts to spring give way,
 Spring yields to summer's sovereign ray;
 Then summer sinks in autumn's reign,
 And winter chills the world again:
 Her losses soon the moon supplies,
 But wretched man, when once he lies
 Where Priam and his sons are laid,
 Is nought but ashes and a shade.
 Who knows if Jove, who counts our score,
 Will toss us in a morning more?
 What with your friend you nobly share,
 At least, you rescue from your heir.
 Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
 When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
 Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
 Or virtue, shall restore to earth.

Hippolytus, unjustly slain,
 Diana calls to life in vain;
 Nor can the might of Theseus rend
 The chains of hell that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784.

On seeing a BUST of Mrs. MONTAGUE.

HAD this fair figure which this frame displays,
 Adorn'd in Roman time the brightest days,
 In every dome, in every sacred place,
 Her statue would have breath'd an added grace,
 And on its basis would have been enroll'd,
 "This is Minerva, cast in Virtue's mould."

TRANSLA-

T R A N S L A T I O N

Of a SPEECH of AQUILEIO,

In the ADRIANO of METASTASIO, beginning,

“ Tu che in Corte invecchiaſti.”

GROWN old in courts, thou art not ſarely one
 Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour;
 Well ſkill'd to ſooth a foe with looks of kindneſs,
 To ſink the fatal precipice before him,
 And then lament his fall with ſeeming friendſhip:
 Open to all, true only to thyſelf,
 Thou know'ſt thoſe arts which blaſt with envious
 praiſe,
 Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuſes,
 And drive diſcountenanc'd virtue from the throne:
 That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
 And of his ev'ry gift uſurp the merit;
 That hide in ſeeming zeal a wicked purpoſe,
 And only build upon another's ruin.

THE NATURAL BEAUTY.
TO STELLA.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,

If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others woe,
If her easy air expresses
Conscious worth, or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.

If on her we see display'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
If her chintz with less expence
Flows in easy negligence;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same;
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.

I those

Those charms alone can prize,
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance, nor dress,
E'er can make, or more, or less.

THE VANITY OF WEALTH.

AN ODE.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With science tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the Muses' moral lay;

In social hours indulge thy soul,
 Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
 To virtuous love resign thy breast,
 And be by blessing beauty — blest.

Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
 Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
 Come taste with me the balm of life,
 Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
 I boast whate'er for man was meant,
 In health, and Stella, and content;
 And scorn! Oh! let that scorn be thine;
 Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

To Miss ———.

ON HER GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD AND
 SILK NET-WORK PURSE OF HER
 OWN WEAVING.

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite
 To make thy curious web delight,
 In vain the varied work would shine,
 If wrought by any hand but thine;
 Thy hand that knows the subtler art,
 To weave those nets that catch the heart.

Spread

Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy silken chain
The glittering vagrants shall restrain.
Why Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught shou'd ne'er be freed?

To Miss _____.

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICHOORD
IN A ROOM HUNG WITH FLOWER-
PIECES OF HER OWN PAINTING.

WHEN Stella strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated Spring,
Where beauty lavishes her powers
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound;
Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flower,
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love.

When charms thus press on every sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence?

Deceitful hope, and vain desire,
 For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
 Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
 To point the glances of her eye,
 And forming with unerring art
 New chains to hold the captive heart.

But on those regions of delight
 Might truth intrude with daring flight,
 Could Stella, sprightly, fair, and young,
 One moment hear the moral Song,
 Instruction with her flowers might spring,
 And wisdom warble from her string.

Mark when from thousand mingled dyes
 'Thou see'st one pleasing form arise,
 How active light, and thoughtful shade,
 In greater scenes each other aid.
 Mark when the different notes agree
 In friendly contrariety,
 How passions well accorded strife,
 Gives all the harmony of life;
 Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
 Consistent still, though not the same;
 Thy musick teach the nobler art,
 To tune the regulated heart.

VERSES,

V E R S E S,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN
TO WHOM A LADY HAD GIVEN A
SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

WHAT hopes—what terrors does this gift create?
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.

The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd to Venus by Melissa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain.
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
The unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads.
Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

WHEN lately Stella's form display'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not so fair as fine.

“ Fate!

“ Fate! snatch away the bright disguise,

“ And let the goddess trust her eyes.”

Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,

And fate malicious heard the pray'r;

But brighten'd by the sable dress,

As virtue rises in distress,

Since Stella still extends her reign,

Ah! how shall envy sooth her pain?

Th' adoring youth, and envious fair,

Henceforth shall form one common prayer;

And love and hate alike implore

The skies — “ That Stella mourn no more.”

To Lady FIREBRACE*,

At BURY ASSIZES.

AT length must Suffolk beauties shine in vain,
 So long renown'd in B——n's deathless strain?
 Thy charms at least, fair Firebrace, might inspire
 Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre;
 For such thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
 Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a *Muse* and *Grace*,

* This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Esq. of Ipswich, and relict of Philip Evers, Esq. of that town; she became the second wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the last Baronet of that name (to whom she brought a fortune of 25,000l.) July 26, 1737. Being again left a widow in 1759, she was a third time married, April 7, 1762, to William Campbell, Esq. uncle to the present Duke of Argyle, and died July 3, 1782.

ANACREON.

A N A C R E O N,

O D E IX.

LOVELY courier of the sky,
Whence and whither dost thou fly?

Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,

Liquid fragrance all the way:

Is it business? is it love?

Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.

Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,

Vows to Myrtale the fair;

Grac'd with all that charms the heart,

Blushing nature, smiling art.

Venus, courted by an ode,

On the bard her dove bestow'd:

Vest'd with a master's right,

Now Anacreon rules my flight;

His the letters that you see,

Weighty charge, consign'd to me:

Think not yet my service hard,

Joyless task without reward;

Smiling at my master's gates,

Freedom my return awaits;

But the liberal grant in vain

Tempts me to be wild again.

Can a prudent dove decline

Blissful bondage such as mine?

N

Over

Over hills and fields to roam,
 Fortune's guest without a home;
 Under leaves to hide one's head,
 Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed:
 Now my better lot bestows
 Sweet repast, and soft repose;
 Now the generous bowl I sip
 As it leaves Anacreon's lip:
 Void of care, and free from dread,
 From his fingers snatch his bread;
 Then with luscious plenty gay,
 Round his chamber dance and play;
 Or from wine as courage springs,
 O'er his face extend my wings;
 And when feast and frolick tire,
 Drop asleep upon his lyre.
 This is all, be quick and go,
 More than all thou canst not know;
 Let me now my pinions ply,
 I have chatter'd like a pye.

LINES

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN RIDICULE OF CERTAIN POEMS

PUBLISHED IN 1777.

WHERESOE'ER I turn my view,
 All is strange, yet nothing new;
 Endless labour all along,
 Endless labour to be wrong;
 Phrase that time has flung away,
 Uncouth words in difarray,
 Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
 Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

 PARODY of a TRANSLATION

From the MEDEA of EURIPIDES.

ERR shall they not, who resolute explore
 Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes;
 And scanning right the practices of yore,
 Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.

They to the dome where smoke with curling play
 Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
 Summoned the finger blythe, and harper gay,
 And aided wine with dulcet-streaming found.

'The better use of notes, or sweet or shrill,
By quiv'ring string or modulated wind ;
'Trumpet or lyre—to their harsh bosoms chill,
Admission ne'er had fought, or could not find.

Oh! send them to the fullen mansions dun,
Her baleful eyes where sorrow rolls around ;
Where gloom-ennamour'd mischief loves to dwell,
And murder, all blood-bolter'd, schemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,
And purple nectar glads the festive hour ;
The guest, without a want, without a wish,
Can yield no room to musick's soothing pow'r.

EMBURLESQUE

Of the modern Versifications of ancient Legendary Tales.

AN IMPROMPTU.

THE tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone ;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on.

TRANSLA-

TRANSLATION

Of the Two First Stanzas of the Song, "*Rio verde, Rio verde*," printed in Bishop PERCY's Reliques of ancient English Poetry.

AN IMPROMPTU.

GLASSY water, glassy water,
Down whose current clear and strong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,
Moor and Christian roll along.

IMITATION of the Style of ****.

HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey;
Strike thy bosom sage, and tell
What is blifs, and which the way.

Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
When the hoary sage reply'd,
Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

BURLESQUE

Of the following Lines of LOPEZ DE VEGA.

AN IMPROMPTU.

SE acquien los leones vence
 Vence una muger hermosa
 O el de flaco averguence.
 O ella di ser mas furiosa.

IF the man who turnips cries
 Cry not when his father dies,
 'Tis a proof that he had rather
 Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION

Of the following Lines at the End of BARETTI'S EASY PHRASEOLOGY.

AN IMPROMPTU.

VIVA viva la padrona,
 Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
 La padrona è un angiolella
 Tutta buona e tutta bella;
 Tutta bella e tutta buona;
 Viva! viva la padrona!

LONG may live my lovely Hetty!

Always young and always pretty,

Always pretty, always young,

Live my lovely Hetty long!

Always young and always pretty,

Long may live my lovely Hetty!

*Written to her brother on her
birthday*

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

Of the following Distich on the Duke of Modena's running away from the Comet in 1742 or 1743.

SE al venir vostro i principi se n' vanno
Deh venga ogni dì——durate un anno.

IF at your coming princes disappear,
Comets! come every day—and stay a year.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

Of the following Lines of Mons. BENSERADE
à son lit.

THEATRE des ris, et des pleurs,

Lit ! ou je nais, et ou je meurs,

Tu nous fais voir comment voisins,

Sont nos plaisirs, et nos chagrins.

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,

And born in bed, in bed we die ;

The near approach a bed may shew

Of human bliss to human woe.

TRANSLATION

Of the following Lines written under a Print
representing Persons skaiting.

SUR un mince chrystal l'hyver conduit leurs pas

Le precipice est sous la glace ;

Telle est de nos plaisirs la legere surface,

Glissez mortels ; n' appuyez pas.

O'ER ice the rapid skaiter flies,

With sport above and death below ;

Where mischief lurks in gay disguise,

Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

IMPROMPTU

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

Of the same

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the skaiters play;
O'er treacherous pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

To Mrs. T H R A L E,

On her completing her Thirty-Fifth Year.

An IMPROMPTU.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five. ..
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five:

He

He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

I M P R O M P T U

On hearing Miss **THRALE** consulting with a
Friend about a Gown and Hat she was in-
clined to wear.

WEAR the gown, and wear the hat,
Snatch thy pleasures while they last;
Hadst thou nine lives, like a cat,
Soon those nine lives would be past.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

Of an AIR in the **CLEMENZA DE TITO** of
METASTASIO, beginning, "*Deh se piacermi*
"*vuoi.*"

WOULD you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teasing doubts depart;
He who blindly trusts, will find
Faith from every generous mind:
He who still expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

To

To LYCE, *an elderly Lady.*

YE nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flattering poets given,
Who shine by lavish lovers drest
In all the pomp of heaven.

Engross not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
Her brows a cloudy show,
Striped rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And showers from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
She's starr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
Denies my Lyce shines;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
And I but flatter less.

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN by Mr. GARRICK,

At the Opening of the THEATRE-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous
foes

First rear'd the stage, immortal *Shakespeare* rose ;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Johnson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule ;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach, essay'd the heart :
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays ;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Johnson's art, or *Shakespeare's* flame,
Themselves they studied ; as they felt, they writ :
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

Vice

Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;
 They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
 Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
 And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
 Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong ;
 Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long :
 Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
 And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
 For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd ;
 From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
 Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept ;
 Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
 Philosophy remain'd tho' nature fled.
 But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit ;
 Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
 And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
 And mark the future periods of the stage ?
 Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
 New Behns, new Durseys, yet remain in store ;
 Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
 On flying cars new forcerers may ride ;
 Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance)
 Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;

With

With every meteor of caprice must play,
 And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
 Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
 The stage but echoes back the public voice;
 The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
 For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
 As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
 'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
 Of rescu'd nature, and reviving sense;
 To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
 For useful mirth and salutary woe;
 Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
 And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

P R O L O G U E,

SPOKEN by Mr. GARRICK, APRIL 5, 1750,

Before the MASQUE of COMUS,

Acted at DRURY-LANE THEATRE, for the
 Benefit of MILTON's Grand-Daughter.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
 Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
 Whose generous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
 Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;

Immortal

Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
 Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
 Let wit condemn'd the feeble war to wage,
 With close malevolence, or public rage;
 Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
 Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more.
 This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell,
 That never Britain can in vain excell;
 The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
 And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
 Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
 And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
 Yields to renown the centuries to come;
 With ardent haste each candidate of fame,
 Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
 He fees, and pitying fees, vain wealth bestow
 Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
 While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
 Or trace his form on circulating gold.
 Unknown — unheeded, long his offspring lay,
 And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
 What tho' she shine with no Miltonian fire,
 No favouring muse her morning dreams inspire!
 Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
 Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
 Hers the mild merits of domestick life,
 The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.

Thus

Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
 Her grandfire leaves her in Britannia's arms ;
 Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
 While tutelary nations guard her cell.
 Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave !
 'Tis yours to crown desert — beyond the grave.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE COMEDY OF THE

GOOD-NATUR'D MAN. 1769.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
 Surveys the general toil of human kind,
 With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
 And social sorrow loses half its pain ;
 Our anxious bard without complaint may share
 This bustling season's epidemic care ;
 Like Cæsar's pilot dignify'd by fate,
 Toft in one common storm with all the great ;
 Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,
 When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
 The busy candidates for power and fame
 Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same ;
 Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
 Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.

Uncheck'd

Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.

Th' offended Burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.

" This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, " begg'd a cobbler's vote;"
" This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
" Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe,
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of ill persuading gold;
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

P R O L O G U E
TO THE COMEDY OF THE
WORD TO THE WISE*,
Spoken by Mr. HULL.

THIS night presents a play which public rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the stage †.

* Performed at Covent-Garden Theatre for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly, Esq. (the author of the play) and her children, 1777.

† Upon the first representation of this play, 1770, it was damned from the violence of party.

From zeal, or malice, now no more we dread,
 For English vengeance *wars not with the dead.*
 A generous foe regards with pitying eye
 The man whom fate has laid, where all must lie.
 To wit reviving from its author's dust,
 Be kind ye judges, or at least be just.
 For no renew'd hostilities invade
 Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
 Let one great payment every claim appease,
 And him who cannot hurt, allow to please;
 To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
 By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
 Where aught of bright, or fair the piece displays,
 Approve it only — 'Tis too late to praise.
 If want of skill, or want of care appear,
 Forbear to hiss, — the poet cannot hear.
 By all like him must praise and blame be found,
 At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
 Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
 When liberal pity dignified delight;
 When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
 And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

MESSIA.

M E S S I A.

TOLLITE concentum, *Solymææ* tollite nymphæ!

Nil mortale loquor, cælum mihi carminis alta
Materies; poscunt gravius cœlestia plectrum.

Muscosi fontes, silvestria tecta, valet,

Aonidesque Deæ, et mendacis somnia *Pindi*.

Tu mihi, qui flammâ movisti pectora sancti

Sidereâ Isuiæ, dignos accende furores!

Immatura calens rapitur per sæcula vates,

Sic orsus — Qualis rerum mihi nascitur ordo!

Virgo! virgo parit! felix radicibus arbor

Jessæis surgit, mulcentisque æthera flores

Cælestes lambunt animæ; ramisque columba,

Nuncia sacra Dei, plaudentibus infidet alis.

Nectareos rores, alimenta que mitia cælum

Præbeat, et tacitè fœcundos irriget imbres!

Huc fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeste!

Dia salutares spirant medicamina rami.

Hic requies fessis; non sacrâ sævit in umbrâ

Vis boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia solis.

“ Irrita vanescent priscae vestigia fraudis,”

Justitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem

Attollet reducis; bellis prætendet olivas

Compositis Pax alma suas, terrasque revisens

Virg.

Sedatas niveo Virtus lucebit amictu.
 Volvantur celeres anni! Lux purpuret ortum
 Expectata diu! Naturæ claustra refringens
 Nascere, magne puer! Tibi primas, ecce! corollas
 Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
 Carpit *Arabs*, hortis quicquid frondescit eois.
 Altius, en! *Lebanon* gaudentia culmina tollit,
 En! summo exultant nutantes vertice silvæ.
 Mittit aromaticas vallis *Saronica* nubes,
 Et juga *Carmeli* recreant fragrantia cœlum.
 Deserti latâ mollescunt aspera voce,
 Auditur Deus! ecce Deus! reboantia circum
 Saxa fonant Deus; ecce Deus! deflectitur æther
 Demissumque Deum tellus capit; ardua cedrus,
 Gloria silvarum, dominum inclinata salutet!
 Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes!
 Sternite Saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus!
 En! quem turba diu cecinerunt enthea, vates,
 En! SALVATOR adest; vultus agnoscite cæci
 Divinos, furdas sacra vox permulceat aures!
 Ille cutim spissam visus hebetare vetabit,
 Reclusisque oculis infundet amabile lumen,
 Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet.
 Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis
 Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.
 Accrescunt tremulis tactu nova robor a nervis:
 Consuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli
 Jam saltu capreas, jam cursu provocat euros.

Non

Non planctus, non mœsta sonant suspiria, pectus
 Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes terget ocellos.
 Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,
 Æternoque orci dominator vulnere languens
 Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.
 Ut quâ dulce strepent scatebræ, quâ læta virescunt
 Pascua, quâ blandum spirat purissimus aer
 Pastor agit pecudes, teneros modo suscipit agnos,
 Et gremio fotis selectas porrigit herbas,
 Amissas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;
 Fidus adest custos, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,
 Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva:
 Postera sic pastor divinus sæcla beabit,
 Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis.
 Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,
 Hostiles oculis flammæ jaculantia torvis;
 Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
 Triste coruscabit radiis; dabit hasta recusa
 Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis.
 Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci
 Natus ad optatum perducet cœpta parentis.
 Qui duxit sulcos, illi teret area messem,
 Et feræ texent vites umbracula proli.
 Attoniti dumeta vident inculta coloni
 Suave rubere rosis, sitientesque inter arenas
 Garrula mirantur salientis murmura rivi.
 Per faxa, ignivomi nuper spelæa draconis,
 Canna viret, juncique tremit mutabilis umbra.

Horruit implexo quà vallis fente, figuræ
 Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique sequaces
 Artificis frondent dextræ; palmisque rubeta
 Aspera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
 Per valles sociata lupo lasciviet agna,
 Cumque leone petet tutus præsepe juvenus.
 Florea mansuetæ petulantes vincula tigris
 Per ludum pueri injicient, et fessa colubri
 Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ;
 Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale minantes
 Tractabit palmis infans, motusque trifulcæ
 Ridebit linguæ innocuos, squamasque virentes
 Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura cristæ.
 Indue reginam, turritæ frontis honores
 Tolle *Salema* sacros, quam circum gloria pennas
 Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ!
 En! formosa tibi porrecta per atria proles
 Ordinibus surgit densis, vitamque requirit
 Impatiens, lentèque fluentes increpat annos.
 Ecce! peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis;
 Barbarus, en! clarum divino lumine templum
 Ingreditur, cultuque tuo mansuescere gaudet.
 Cinnameos cumulos, *Nabathæi* munera veris,
 Ecce! cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ.
 Solis *Ophyræis* crudum tibi montibus aurum
 Maurant radii, tibi balsama sudat *Idume*.
 Ætheris, en! portas sacro fulgore micantes
 Cælicolæ pandunt, torrentisque aurea lucis

Flumina

Flumina prorumpunt ; non posthac sole rubescet
India nascenti, placidæve argentea noctis
 Luna vices revehet ; radios pater ipse diei
 Proferet archetypos ; cælestis gaudia lucis
 Ipso fonte bibes, quæ circumfusa beatam
 Regiam inundabit, nullis cessura tenebris.
 Littora deficiens arentia deferet æquor,
 Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
 Saxa cadent, solidique liquefcent robora montis :
 Tu secura tamen confusa elementa videbis,
 Lætaque *Messia* semper dominabere rege,
 Pollicitis firmata Dei, stabilita ruinis.

ON THE
 DEATH of Dr. ROBERT LEVET.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,

As on we toil from day to day,

By sudden blasts, or slow decline,

Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,

See Levet to the grave descend,

Officious, innocent, sincere,

Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
 Nor letter'd arrogance deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
 And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
 His vigorous remedy display'd
 The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
 His useful care was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
 And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
 No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
 The modest wants of every day
 The toil of every day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
 And sure th' Eternal master found
 The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
 His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
 Tho' now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then

Then with no fiery, throbbing pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And forc'd his soul the nearest way.

E P I T A P H I U M

I N

THOMAM HANMER, BARONETTUM.

Honorabilis admodum THOMAS HANMER,
 Baronettus,

Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri è Peregrina Henrici
 North

De Mildenhall in Com: Suffolciæ Baronetti sorore
 et hærede.

Filius

Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti

Hæres patruelis

Antiquo gentis suæ et titulo, et patrimonio successit

Duas uxores fortitus est;

Alteram Isabellam, honore à patre derivato de

Arlington comitissam

Deindè celcissimi principis ducis de Grafton viduam
 dotariam

Alteram

Alteram Elizabetham Thomæ Folks de Barton in
Com. Suff. armigeri.

Filiam et hæredem

Inter humanitates studia feliciter enutritus
Omnes liberalium artium disciplinas avidè arripuit,
Quas morum suavitate haud leviter ornavit.

Postquam excessit et ephebis

Continuo inter populares suos fama eminens
Et comitatus sui legatus ad Parliamentum missus
Ad ardua regni negotia per annos prope triginta
Si accinxit

Cumq; apud illos amplissimorum virorum ordines
Solent nihil temerè effutire

Sed *probe* perpensa differtè expromere

Orator gravis et pressus

Non minus integritatis quam eloquentiæ laude
commendatus

Æquè omnium utcunq; inter se alioqui dissidentium
Aures atque animos attraxit

Annoque demum M.DCC.XIII. regnante Annâ

Felicissima, florentissimæque memoriæ reginâ

Ad prolocutoris cathedram

Communi fenatûs universi voce designatus est :

Quod munus

Cum nullo tempore non difficile

Tum illo certè negotiis

Et varus et lubricis et implicatis difficillimum

Cum dignitate sustinuit.

Honores

Honores alios, et omnia, quæ sibi in lucrum cederent,
munera

Sedulò detrectavit

Ut rei totus inferviret publicæ

Justi, rectique tenax

Et fide in patriam incorrupta notus.

Ubi omnibus, quæ virum, civimque bonum decent
officiis satis fecisset,

Paulatim se à publicis consiliis in otium recipiens

Inter literarum amœnitates,

Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud insuaves recordationes,

Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus

Honorificè consenuit,

Et bonis omnibus, quibus charissimus vixit

Desideratissimus obiit.

TRANSLATION;

OR, RATHER A

PARAPHRASE of the above EPITAPH.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at this tomb where HANMER's ashes lie;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;

His

His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
 Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
 His country call'd him from the studious shade;
 In life's first bloom his public toils began,
 At once commenc'd the senator and man.

In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
 'Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state;
 In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
 In every act refulgent virtue glow'd;
 Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
 To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
 Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
 Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
 When HANMER fill'd the chair—and ANNE the throne!

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
 When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
 The Moderator firmly mild appear'd —
 Beheld with love — with veneration heard.

This task perform'd — he fought no gainful post,
 Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
 Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
 With temperate zeal, and wise anxiety;
 Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
 To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure, or of pride.
 Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
 And fame pursu'd him where Conviction led.

Age

Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest,
 With honour sated, and with cares oppress'd ;
 To letter'd ease retir'd and honest mirth,
 To rural grandeur and domestick worth :
 Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
 The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm Conscience then, his former life survey'd,
 And recollected toils endear'd the shade,
 Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
 And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

E P I T A P H
 O N
 CLAUDE PHILLIPS,
 AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN*.

PHILLIPS! whose touch harmonious could remove
 The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapless love,
 Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
 Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;
 Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

* These lines are among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies; they are, nevertheless, recognized as Johnson's, in a memorandum of his hand-writing, and were probably written at her request. Phillips was a travelling fidler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his performance.

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H

F O R

Mr. H O G A R T H.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,
 'That drew th' essential form of grace;
 Here closed in death th' attentive eyes,
 'That saw the manners in the face.

L A T I N E P I T A P H

O N

Dr. O L I V E R G O L D S M I T H.

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,

Poetæ, Physici, Historici,

Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus

Non tetigit.

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit

Sive risus essent movendi

Sive lacrymæ.

Affectuum potens at lenis dominator
 Ingenio sublimis — vividus versatilis
 Oratione grandis nitidus venustus.
 Hoc monumentum memoriam coluit
 Sodalium amor
 Amicorum fides
 Lectorum veneratio.
 Natus Hibernia Fornix Londiniensis
 In loco cui nomen Pallas
 Nov. XXIX. M.DCC.XXXI.
 Eblanæ literis institutus
 Obiit Londini
 April IV. M.DCC.LXXIV.

TRANSLATION.

This monument is raised
 To the memory of
 OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
 Poet, Natural Philosopher, and
 Historian;
 Who left no species of writing untouched
 or
 Unadorned by his pen,
 Whether to move laughter
 Or draw tears.
 He was a powerful master
 Over the affections,
 Though

Though at the same time a gentle tyrant ;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
Equal to every subject :

His expression at once noble,
Pure, and delicate.

His memory will last
As long as society retains affection,
Friendship is not void of honour,
And reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At Fernes in the province

Of Leinster,
Where Pallas had set her name
29 Nov. 1731.

He was educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

L A T I N E P I T A P H

O N

H E N R Y T H R A L E, Esq.

Hic conditur quod reliquum est
HENRICI THRALE,
Qui res seu civilis, seu domesticas, ita egit
Ut vitam illi longiorem multi optarent
Ita sacras.

Ut

Ut quam brevem esset, habiturus prescire videretur

Simplex apertus, sibi que semper similis.

Nihil ostentavit, aut arte fictum, aut cura

Elaboratum.

In Senatu, Regi, Patriæque

Fideliter Studuit.

Vulgi obstrepentis, contempnar animofus

Domi inter mille mercaturæ negotia

Literarum elegantiam, minimæ neglexerit,

Amicis quocunque modo laborantibus

Conciliis auctoritate, muneribus adfuit

Inter familiares, comites, convivæ hospites

Tam facile fuit morum suavitate

Ut omnium animos ad se alliceret

Tam felici sermonis libertate

Ut nulli adulatus, omnibus placeret.

Natus 1722. Obiit 1781.

Consortis, tumuli habet, Rodolphum, patrem

Strenuum fortemque virum, & Henricum

Filiam unicum quem spei parentem

Mors inopina decennem

Proripuit.

Ita

Domus felix & opulenta quam erexit

Avus auxitque pater cum nepote decedit

Abi viator

Et vicibus rerum, humanarum perspectis

Eternitatem cogita.

TRANSLATION.

Here lie the remains of
 HENRY THRALE,
 Who so well discharged his several duties,
 Whether civil, or domestic,
 That many wished him a longer life :
 So well the duties of his religion,
 That he seemed to know before hand, how
 Short a life he should enjoy !
 Plain, honest, and always consistent,
 He displayed nothing in his conduct
 Either dissembled, or studied.
 In Parliament he faithfully consulted the
 Welfare of his KING and COUNTRY.
 A spirited contemner of the clamorous multitude.
 At home, amidst the numberless engagements
 Of business, he cultivated letters.
 He assisted his friends in distress,
 By his advice, his interest, and his fortune :
 Amongst his associates, companions, and guests,
 He possessed that agreeable sweetness of manners
 By which he won all hearts,
 And that happy freedom of speech
 By which he flattered no one
 And pleased all.
 He was born 1722. He died 1781.

His

His father Rodolph, a vigorous and active man,
 And his only son Henry, whom
 (The hope of his parents)
 Untimely death snatch'd away
 At the age of ten years,
 Are buried in the same grave.
 Thus!
 The flourishing and wealthy family
 Which the grandfather founded,
 Father advanced,
 Was extinguished with the grandson.
 Go thy ways traveller!
 And convinced of the instability of human life,
 Meditate upon death.

L A T I N E P I T A P H.

O N

Mrs. H. MARIA SALISBURY.

JUXTA SEPVLTA EST
 Hestera Maria Salisbury,
 Thomæ Cotton de Combermere,
 Baronetti, Cestriensis, filia;
 Johannis Salisbury, Armigeri,
 Flintiensis, uxor;

Formâ felix, felix ingenio,
 Omnibus jucunda, suorum amantissima.
 Linguis artibusque ita exculta
 Ut loquenti nunquam deessent.
 Sermonis nitor, sententiarum flosculi,
 Sapientiæ gravitas, leporum gratia,
 Modum servandi adeo perita
 Ut domestica inter negotia literis
 Oblectaretur,
 Et literarum inter delicias rem
 Familiarem sedulo curaret.
 Multis illi multos annos precantibus
 Diri carcinomatis * veneno contabuit,
 Viribusque vitæ paulatim resolutis
 E terris meliora sperans emigravit.
 Nata 1707, Nupta 1739, Obiit 1773.

* Cancer.

*A Charade on the Lord
Bishop of Exeter.*

My first shuts out thieves from your
 house or your room
 My 2. expresses a Syrian perfume
 My whole is a man in whose countenance
 is shewn
 the strength of a bar, & the sweetness of
 man.